

Atlantic Insight

MARCH 1984
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**Angela Peters:
Newfoundland's
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MARCH 1984 Vol. 6 No.3



COVER STORY

If you tell Angela Peters it can't be done, so the legend goes, she'll do it. That helps explain why this former \$17-a-week stenographer now bosses a retail empire that did \$35 million worth of business last year. She also fills prestige-laden spots on the boards of directors of major Canadian corporations and leads a fashionably complex life that's divided between St. John's and Halifax.

By Rachelle Henderson **PAGE 25**

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



TRAVEL

The further you climb into the high country of Wales, the more you enter a world from the past that is still truly Welsh. This tiny group of immigrants form the least known, certainly the least honored of the Britons who settled in Atlantic Canada. Their own country, though divided, retains many of the old ways.

By Peter Gard **PAGE 41**

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FOOD

To celebrate St. David's day (March 1, in case you didn't know), here's a feast to delight the palates of almost anyone who boasts a Celtic background. Cawl, creamed leeks, Malvern pudding and Welsh cakes. What more could a reasonable person ask?

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ART

They laugh when Tich Shipley sits down to sculpt — and that's fine with her. In a style she defines as "comic realism" this Missouri-born artist who now lives in Stonehurst North, N.S., paints and sculpts simple, everyday objects that aren't real, but are certainly realistic. Her subjects are everything from fish and fowl to beer-drinkers at a drive-in. "There are so many sad things in the world," she says, "that it's nice to see something that makes you smile."

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Bacardi white tastes great mixed

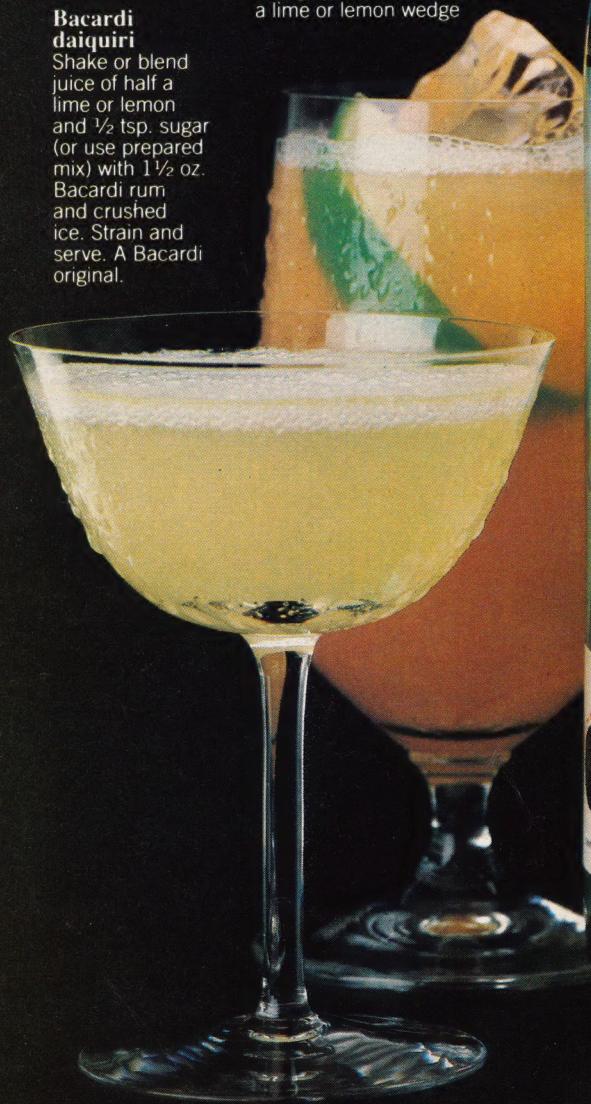
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On the rocks

Editor's Letter



Giving the smallest minority its due

No part of Canada is home to more people who are conscious — and proud — of their roots than the Atlantic provinces. This month's Heritage story (page 22) is devoted to a study of one of the smallest, but certainly not the least proud of the English speaking (though sometimes only as a second language) immigrants to Canada's east coast. They are the Welsh — "strangers from a secret land" as they're called in the title of a book to be published in the fall.

Peter Thomas, the author of the book, stumbled on the idea of chronicling the history of the Welsh immigrants to Atlantic Canada in a cemetery. It was full of Welsh names — Evans, Jones, Thomas and Lewis — and that, he told writer John Mason, "was enough to excite me."

The tiny Welsh ripple in the mainstream of Celtic immigration to Canada is easily overlooked. Vastly outnumbered by the Irish, English and especially the Scots, they account for no more than a handful of those who came here from the British Isles in the early 19th century and again at the dawn of the 20th.

"Some say," Mason writes, "any Welsh native who wanted to get away from the high taxes, scandalous working conditions and restrictions on politics and religion at home had already gone, attracted to the freedoms of Pennsylvania in the 1680s. Others suggest the expensive transatlantic fares of the early 1800s discouraged dissenters."

Those descendants of the tiny but stalwart group of Welsh settlers who arrived here never became the cohesive, and highly public body (the "professional Scots," for example) that their Celtic brethren did. You can find them here and there in the region, not as groups but as individuals who remember with increasing vagueness the sound of a strange language still spoken at home when they were children, the strains of songs no longer heard.

Occasionally, there are even traces of the communities they established. Cardigan settlement in New Brunswick, Peter Thomas thinks, was one of the last places in Canada where Welsh could be heard. "This was a community almost transplanted out of west Wales. It was definable as a group. Cardigan stayed a Welsh settlement for about 100 years ... But the population was just too small. You can't keep a language alive with so few families. Then the automobile dispersed them and that was it."

The booming coal mines of Nova Scotia, especially Cape Breton, attracted the next wave of Welsh immigrants who arrived in the early 1900s. They too brought their language, though it didn't survive very long, and their music. They also brought their thrift, integrity, pride and solid reputation as tradesmen, artisans and respectable citizens.

No societies exist today in the region to enshrine the Welsh presence in the same way that the societies of St. George and St. Andrew or the Charitable Irish continue the traditions of the English, the Scots and the Irish immigrants. Their songs are fading memories, their unique mother tongue all but extinct on this side of the Atlantic. There are no parades in their honor. But Peter Thomas has "a strong hunch that a high proportion of Welsh descendants are in the political arenas" of the Maritimes due to the traditional 'active democracy' found in Wales."

Perhaps. In any case, this issue of *Atlantic Insight* pays what is perhaps overdue acknowledgment to the role of the tiniest British immigrant minority. In addition to the Heritage article, please see Food (page 48) and Travel (page 41). And, from one descendant on behalf of the others, a happy March to you. There are some of us to whom the month is notable even beyond its status as the harbinger of spring.

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BETTER IN THE LONG RUN.



FEEDBACK

Nothing frivolous about the CGIT

I feel impelled to object to the cutesy reference to CGIT (Canadian Girls in Training) made by Harry Bruce in his December column (*Don't Tell the Tourists, but the Ocean's Cold*). To term CGIT founders "do gooders" indicates his ignorance about the movement. Aside from the fact that one wonders what is wrong with doing good, he needs to be informed that CGIT can be credited with the early training of thousands of girls, many of whom now take their place as leaders in Canada's communities and governments as well as churches. While girls involved in CGIT do have lots of fun, they are also given training in leadership. And in this day when much stress is laid on "finding oneself," it is significant that CGIT devotes much of its energy to assisting teenage girls to understand themselves and to deal with their problems. Other countries (Japan, Bermuda, Australia) have developed organizations modelled after CGIT. Must one be destructive to write effectively? Is it responsible writing to flippantly tear down? It is regrettable that in his desire to communicate in a provocative manner, Bruce has characterized something as excellent and effective as CGIT as being something frivolous and inconsequential.

Jean M. Gordon
Milton, N.S.

Get ready for future judgment

The reason that the substitution of female for male referents for God sounds ridiculous enough for Harry Bruce to get a good laugh out of it (*Get Ready for Future Bible*, January) is that words referring to females persistently lose value over time. Parallel words referring to male and female do not stay parallel for long. Governor and governess, baronet and dame, lord and lady are cases in point: "For the lady thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Words referring to women in neutral terms commonly gain pejorative sexual connotations over time. Hussy, tart, nymph, broad, floozie, doll are all end products of this process which does not happen to male referents, for men are also debased by female referents, such as sissy. Well-meaning people often make a distinction between "worthwhile" issues of concern to women, such as economic equality, and what they consider to be the "trivial" issues of language and cultural representation of the genders. The implication is that only fanatics who have lost their sense of humor and balance would take the latter seriously. In fact they are all of a piece.

Angela Miles
Antigonish, N.S.

It would seem to follow from Harry Bruce's article on the Future Bible that we should give the devil her due. And, these days, she is entitled to a very large amount of due.

C. D. Allen
Kanata, Ont.

Harry Bruce's column should have read "Get Ready for Future Judgment." I want to go on record as a repentant born-again believer that I too prefer God's Word as it is in John 3:16. I strongly suggest that Burton H. Throckmorton Jr. forget about what poor old man has done to big-mouth woman, and read God's Word in regards to the woe to anyone who adds to or takes away from His Word.

Mrs. Roy Hamilton
Carleton, N.S.

No place for professionals

I agree fully with Mac King (Folks, January), who wants only honest members in his Liars' Club. Keep it to amateurs and exclude politicians. It reminds me of a neighbor, when I was a lad, who entered a store in Clark's Harbour where they were having a contest to see who could tell the biggest lie. Woody, a 60-year-old bachelor and very honest, was asked to try. He quickly refused with the comment, "I have never told a lie in my life and I am not going to start now" The prize, a box of chocolates, was immediately passed to him with congratulations.

Edgar Smith
Hebron, N.S.

What's in a name?

I am certain that whenever Harry Bruce might choose to write about Bridgetown, N.S., or Wolfville, N.S., he would not refer to either of them by their earlier — and forgotten — names of Hicks Ferry and Muddtown. Why, then, does he feel compelled to mar an otherwise fine article in the December issue (*Have a Very Merry Toronto Museum Spree*, Travel), heaping praise on the ROM and AGO in Toronto for the excellence of their current exhibitions as compared to what we have available to us in Atlantic Canada, and then referring three times to Toronto as Hog Town? I have no idea why or when Toronto was given this designation, but surely Harry Bruce — or any of your writers for that matter — has no need to try and pull down our opinion of Toronto by using such a derogatory appellation and thereby reveal a little of his own prejudice against our largest Canadian city.

Bernard Shaw
Granville Ferry, N.S.

Blow thou winter wind

The article *The Poor Fight Back* (Welfare, December) was greatly appreciated by those of us who are trying to rally the unemployed, social assistance recipients and low income workers to fight the degrading and shameful poverty that exists in New Brunswick. There is one point, however, we would like to clarify and that concerns the fuel supplement. Before the '83 budget was brought down, the supplement covered a six-month period — November through April. It was cut completely at budget time, and when public protest compelled reinstatement, the supplement was cut by two months. It now only covers December through March. Everyone knows how balmy New Brunswick is in November and April, especially Nancy Clark-Teed's constituents who are treated to the winds that whistle in over the Bay of Fundy.

Dorothy McGann,
Treasurer
Fredericton Anti-Poverty Organization
Fredericton, N.B.

For consenting mainlanders only

I am certain that the majority of your readers avidly await the arrival of each publication in order to thrill to the magnificent prose of Ray Guy, Compte de Come By Chance. From experience, let me suggest that your readers can increase their enjoyment if they read the column aloud. This can be done in the privacy of the smallest room in one's house or office, or by a purposeful reading to any group, be it Lions, Ladies Auxiliary or a gaggle of politicians. This will present no problem to the residents of Newfoundland and Labrador. I am concerned, however, for the unfortunates in the Maritime provinces and in central and western Canada who are not of Newfoundland descent. How are they to read Guy's words with due deference to dialect, to intonation and to pronunciation? What do they comprehend of Phonse Twigmore, Alfie Peckford and other Guyian characters? What do they know of the intricacies, the extricacies, the culture and the geography of Bung Hole Tickle? Well, for a regular meal of fish 'n' brewis, for the occasional jiggs dinner and for a small but reasonable allowance, thousands of unemployed Newfoundlanders are willing and able to leave our hallowed shores to bring increased enlightenment to our less fortunate cousins. Interested subscribers should contact Gertie Twigmore, Bung Hole Tickle, Newfoundland.

Mike Perry
Baie Verte, Nfld.

SPECIAL REPORT

Keeping the doctor away

Atlantic Canadians aren't very good at it. It shows

By Marian Bruce

Mike Edwards, 41, of Seaforth, N.S., was, by his own assessment, headed for a heart attack. A typically tense, overweight executive in a stressful, middle-management job, he'd been smoking a pack a day since age 15. He chewed Tums regularly. He couldn't make a dash from his office in downtown Halifax to the Halifax-Dartmouth ferry terminal — about a quarter of a mile — without almost collapsing. When he tried running for the ferry one day, he says, "I almost died on the wharf. My heart was going lickety-split. I was gasping for breath."

Until a year ago, Edwards was a fairly typical Atlantic Canadian — not really sick, just quietly laying the groundwork for one or two first-class diseases. People in this region are not very healthy. Frank White, head of the department of community health and epidemiology at Halifax's Dalhousie University, says Atlantic Canadians are lagging behind the rest of the country in weeding out the causes of premature deaths. "The prevalence of risk factors tends to be higher in Atlantic Canada," he says. "We know this, but we're not acting as vigorously on it as elsewhere."

In his comparison studies of mortality rates, White has concentrated so far on Nova Scotia, which, he suspects, reflects the region as a whole. Nova Scotia has the second highest lung cancer rate in Canada (Quebec is first) and will probably top the list in the next 10 years. Deaths from cardiovascular (heart and blood vessels) disease are 20% more frequent in Nova Scotia than in Saskatchewan. Total deaths from cancer are higher in Nova Scotia (for males in 1981, 260 per 100,000 compared with 237 in Canada), even allowing for population age differences. Nova Scotia has a higher traffic-accident death rate than the rest of the country. And the east coast has an exceptionally high frequency of hypertension (high blood pressure), especially in Newfoundland and parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In some Newfoundland outports, 15% to 30% of adults have hypertension, compared with 10% across Canada.

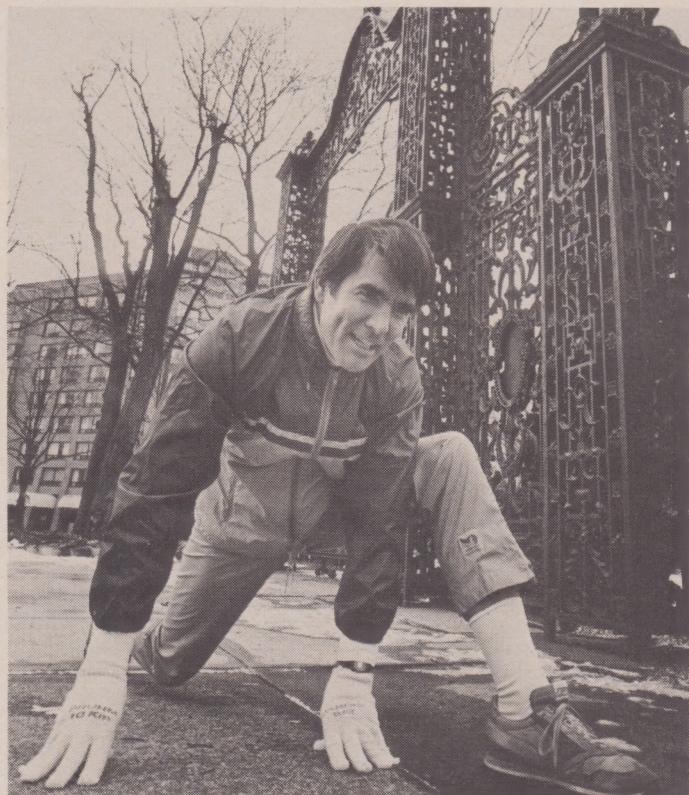
Why is this? Not because of bad luck or evil spirits. The Big Three killers — heart disease, cancer and traffic accidents — are preventable.

Newfoundland's hypertension problems stem partly from heredity, one physician says, and partly from high-

salt-low-potassium-magnesium diets. Nova Scotians are fatter than other Canadians, and tend to have high levels of cholesterol (a fatty substance in the blood that narrows the arteries). Nova Scotians also smoke more; of people over 16, 34.2% of Nova Scotians smoke, compared with 32.7% in Canada as a whole and 27.3% in Saskatchewan. Atlantic Canadians tend to smoke more high-tar cigarettes than the rest of the country. And, in Nova Scotia and P.E.I., it's not compulsory to fasten seat belts.

The good news is that Atlantic Canadians seem to be exercising more than they used to: In national fitness surveys, Nova Scotians climbed from the bottom of the heap in 1971 to better-than-average 10 years later.

It was, in fact, the running boom that helped make a new man of Mike Edwards. Inspired by athletic friends, he joined the YMCA last April 19 and stopped smoking, cold turkey, the same day. He attended an aerobics class until he had enough wind to make it around the Camp Hill Cemetery; then he started running "for fun" at noon — and substituting apples or yogurt for his normal fries-and-sandwich lunch. Soon, he was hooked. "I didn't realize all this fitness stuff could be so much fun," he says. By fall, he was running 50 miles a week. In December, he ran the Honolulu Marathon — finishing the 26.2-mile race in four hours, 59 minutes and 43 seconds, despite training setbacks because of an injury.



Edwards warms up for a run: He's leaner, calmer and friskier



Beresford: Prescribing pills doesn't get to the source of problems

Edwards, who's a systems development man for the phone company, is a walking advertisement for exercise as a way of keeping the doctor away. Without changing his diet — except for lunches, and switching from hard liquor to beer and wine — he lost 30 pounds, dropping to 180 pounds on his six-foot-two frame. He has more energy and stamina. He's much calmer. "Removal of stress is one of the number one benefits," he says. "Running gets rid of it and calms you down. I haven't had acid indigestion since I started."

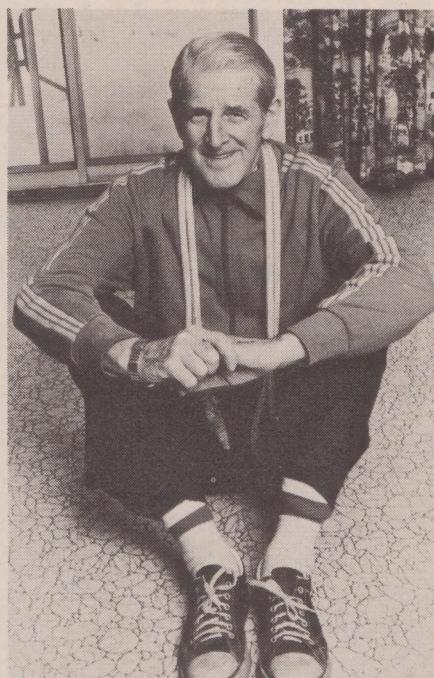
In the first three months, his resting heart rate dropped to 64 from 72; his blood pressure to 120/60 from 128/80; and his blood triglyceride and cholesterol level also dropped. What's more, he says, he's met a lot of nice people, "especially in exercise class. The best looking girls in Halifax go to the Y."

The Y is also one of the few places in the region where you can find doctors devoted to putting themselves out of a job. The Y's preventive medicine centre, opened in 1978 as an experiment funded by the Nova Scotia Heart Foundation, the provincial government and the Windsor Foundation, educates sick people about their illnesses and suggests diet and exercise programs. For healthy people, it stresses disease-prevention, and tries to stop incipient problems from getting worse. Its director, Dr. Pat Beresford, had worked as a community development officer in a low-income subdivision of Halifax before going to medical school. In that job, she says, she saw first-hand the effects of poor eating habits and smoking, and decided to "work to bring about a new approach" to medicine.

"If you're a doctor sitting in an office giving people pills, you're just putting Band-Aids on the real problems," she says. "You're not getting to the source of the problem."

The centre staff of two doctors, nurses and a part-time exercise instructor, offer a fitness testing service, prenatal classes and weekend and 10- to 12-week courses on such problems as asthma, diabetes, obesity and arthritis. And it stresses that the responsibility for good health lies with the patient. "Doctors aren't going to prevent disease," Beresford says. "Only the person can prevent disease."

Halifax lawyer Dawna Ring started seeing Beresford three years ago because she'd heard Beresford was "much more into educating her patients." All her life, Ring had had eczema, which in recent years was confined to her elbows, hands, forearms and knees, and which doctors had been treating with cortisone ointment. A year and a half ago, when an outbreak on her legs started causing her sleepless nights, she had tests that showed she was allergic to cow's milk, beef, eggs, tuna, cheese and chocolate. Beresford found somebody who could supply her with goat's milk, introduced her to tofu (soybean curd) and helped her



Harlow, 75, looks 10 years younger

find non-allergenic toiletries. Ring abandoned the cortisone for evening primrose oil, which treats the root of the ailment (the oil, from the flowering herb primrose, contains an essential fatty acid her body can't obtain from other sources). Beresford also makes sure she gets plenty of exercise, to see whether less stress helps. "I'm very pleased with the success," Ring says. "I enjoy taking a natural approach to a medical problem. I wanted not only to get rid of the symptoms but to get rid of it permanently."

As the explosion of fitness and health magazines and books on the market demonstrates, a lot of people are becoming interested in keeping their own bodies tuned up, and more skeptical about the benefits of the doctor's magic pills.

Beresford says her secretary is bombarded with requests from people wanting to get on her patient list. "There's an endless number of people who want to come. I believe that's because I have this interest in preventing illness."

Despite the billions spent on cancer research — always with the promise that a cure is just around the corner — the treatment of cancer is not a big success story. But, according to the U.S. Cancer Institute, most cancer results from known, preventable causes.

It estimates that 30% of all cancer — including lung, mouth, larynx, esophagus and bladder — is caused by smoking. (Dr. Don Wigle, chief, non-communicable disease division, Health and Welfare Canada, says the actual figure is probably even higher.) Another 35%, it says, is diet-related. For instance, there's strong evidence a high-fat diet is linked to breast, bowel, colon and prostate cancer. Other factors include infection, occupational hazards such as asbestos, alcohol and reproductive problems (cancer of the cervix seems to be a sexually transmitted disease, Dalhousie's

Frank White says).

White also believes the link between seat belt use and traffic deaths and injuries is clear-cut. In a five-year review of Nova Scotia accident statistics, he found that an average of 140 drivers and passengers were killed per year, and an average of 3,000 injured. If seat belt legislation were in effect, he estimates — based on the hypothesis that half the population will comply — at least 100 lives would have been saved and more than 2,000 people would have escaped injury.

Not all scientists agree, to put it mildly, on the exact connection between nutrition and disease. But the link between cholesterol (found in large quantities in animal foods such as meat, eggs and shellfish) and heart attacks and strokes is well established.

One Maritimer who's been preaching for years against the evils of high-cholesterol diets is Dr. Charles (Bud) Harlow, director of medical laboratories at Dartmouth General Hospital. Twenty years ago, while laboratories director at Halifax's Camp Hill Hospital, he devised a fish diet after noticing that patients from small Nova Scotia fishing villages, who led fairly simple lives, were relatively disease free. He then had 400 volunteers from Halifax's police and fire departments eat fish dinners five nights a week. Their subsequent weight loss and lowered cholesterol levels were so spectacular, the *Ladies Home Journal* ran a spread in 1966 entitled "The Great Nova Scotia Diet." (It was based on Harlow's diet but included such high-cholesterol foods as lobster and shrimp.)

His own diet, based on one developed by the Pritikin Longevity Centre in California (high in whole grains and vegetables; no fat, sugar or salt), consists of fish five or six times a week; breakfasts of oatmeal, bran and wheat-germ porridge; and soup and chowder lunches. Until an operation to correct a narrowed heart valve — a condition he was born with — he was skipping rope 500 times a day and walking and biking the three miles from his Halifax home to the Dartmouth General. At five-foot-11, he weighs 162 pounds, about the same as he did in his university days. His blood pressure is about 125/82. He looks at least 10 years younger than his 75 years. And he's eager to take up tennis again.

In the past 25 or 30 years, he calculates, he's spoken to about four million school children on the dangers of smoking. He believes it's more urgent to teach preventive medicine than French. "We could save millions of dollars on health bills," he says.

British writer Katherine Whitehorn has pointed out that, given the costs of pensions and geriatric nursing care, it might be a positive bargain to have somebody die at 40 rather than at 80.

But there's not much argument about the short-term costs. Don Wigle of Health and Welfare Canada estimates direct and indirect costs of cigarette

SPECIAL REPORT

smoking in Canada at \$87 billion a year, including hospitals and other medical services, fires, loss of production and disability pensions. Compared with that, the \$2.3 billion federal and provincial governments make in tobacco taxes looks minute. So does the \$1 million the feds are spending this year on non-smoking campaigns. (Nova Scotia spends about 3% of its \$678 million health budget on community health services, and that includes costs of nurses, nutritionists and hygienists who run immunization and pre-natal programs and check school kids' eyes and ears.)

"There's a very good economic argument for promoting prevention," Wigle says. "No one will argue with it, but no one will put anything into it, either. I would guess that very few millions of dollars are spent on the total prevention effort by all levels of government."

Could that hesitation have anything to do with fear of offending, say, the meat and dairy industries? "Certainly," Wigle says. "If governments tried to move on food, there'd be incredible pressure from different food lobbies. But that's where voluntary agencies and other lobby groups could play a much better role, telling the other side of the story."

Juanita Lechowick, president of the Association of Nurses of P.E.I., says part of the problem is the "doctor-hospital-dominated system" of health care: To get an insured service, you have to be sick. "The way the system is set up, 97% of the budget is spent in acute care settings. Those are the insured services. For health promotion and prevention, 3% maybe. How can we teach people more self-care, more responsibility for their own health, when the money spent is so minute?"

Unlike nurses, doctors are not noted for pushing disease prevention. "No one listens to us anyway," says Dr. Sydney Grant, a family physician in Fredericton, N.B. "You can't make people stop smoking. Look at the question of seat belts. We had to railroad seat belt legislation through." If a patient asks about nutrition, he says, "we make suggestions. No one in this province is suffering from malnutrition. Our problem is the opposite, obesity."

Teaching prevention isn't a very lucrative business. It could take a physician a good half-hour to explain to a patient why he should lay off beef, salt and sugar. "Today, with medicare," Harlow says, "they don't want you there for half an hour. They say they're there to treat illness, not health."

There's also some question about how expert doctors are in nutrition. It gets short shrift in medical schools; one Dalhousie medical student figures nutrition took up about 20 hours of his class time in four years. The time devoted to teaching preventive medicine in general,

White says, has actually shrunk in the past five years; it's been edged out by other disciplines.

It's little wonder that the image of medicine remains crisis-oriented: The brave doctor, armed only with his leeches or his digitalis or his high-tech machines, wrestling disease demons to the ground. "I think that, incorrectly, a lot of medical students and physicians tend to see the cure of sick people as more emotionally and intellectually rewarding than prevention," White says.

There are exceptions. Fredericton physician Dr. Philip McFarlane does "risk assessment studies" on patients when they come for check-ups, and encourages them to try to reduce stress in their lives, have regular blood-pressure checks, exercise regularly and eat properly. "There are four things I try to get people to modify," he says. "One, to cut down on salt. Two, to cut down on sugar, and sugar is sugar; a lot of people think if they eat honey it isn't sugar, but it is. Three, too much animal fat is a problem. And four, people tend to get too little vegetable fibre."

At the University of New Brunswick, third and fourth year nursing students hold free clinics to assess health and fitness, checking such things as blood pressure, hearing, vision, hemoglobin counts, and weight. Patients are subsequently advised on what, if anything, they should change in their lives.

At the St. John's, Nfld., Health Sciences Centre, the community medicine division has studied the frequency of heart disease and hypertension in the province and is about to launch several preventive programs. Epidemiologist Dr. George Fodor says these will include counselling school children to reduce salt

and refined carbohydrates and increase potassium intake.

But Joan Rowsell, head of the Association of Registered Nurses in Newfoundland, says her province lags behind others in disease prevention. "We don't have blood pressure clinics or other kinds of health promotion clinics," she says. "Even in schools, we have immunization programs, but the time the nurse has to counsel children or get involved with their families is minimal. The only way people here can find out about preventive medicine is by reading or by going to programs offered by associations such as the lung association."

But then, the complaint that health promotion is being ignored probably is as old as the idea of disease-prevention itself — and that goes back to Old Testament days: Whole chapters of Leviticus are devoted to laws on diet and hygiene. As Newfoundland psychologist Kevin O'Neill notes, people generally like to do what's bad for them. Exercise requires work. Junk food tastes good. Cigarettes are frightfully hard to give up. And, as Bud Harlow says, it's hard to make a boy of 18 afraid that tobacco will kill him at 50. He might, however, consider this observation from the oldest medical book extant, the Yellow Emperor's Classic of Internal Medicine, which dates back about 2,000 years: "To administer medicines to diseases which have already developed," it says, "is comparable to the behavior of those persons who begin to dig a well after they have become thirsty, and of those who begin to cast weapons after they have already engaged in battle. Would these actions not be too late?"

You've come a long way

Cigarette smoking became socially acceptable for men about the time of the First World War, when cigarettes were handed out free to the troops. It didn't really catch on with women until the Second World War.

Since then, though, women have come a long way, baby. Dr. Frank White of Dalhousie University says the lung cancer death rate among women is increasing rapidly in every province. Nova Scotia has the highest rate, 14.8 deaths per 100,000 every year, and one of the higher rates of increase. He predicts lung cancer will surpass breast cancer as the top cancer killer among women by about 1987. In about 15 years' time, he says, women will catch up with men in death rates from lung cancer. This, he observes, is no accident. "The

evidence that smoking causes cancer, particularly lung cancer, is about as strong as you can get in medical science."

In the mid-Sixties, 65% to 70% of Canadian men smoked. Now, 40% do. But 30% to 35% of women smoke today, a figure little changed in two decades. The current lung cancer epidemic among women, says Dr. Don Wigle of Health and Welfare Canada, reflects changes going back to the 1930s. "It takes 20 to 50 years for lung cancer to develop. A few people get it in their 30s, but the peak is among people in their 60s and early 70s."

And once it hits, White says, it's too late. "The treatment of lung cancer is not a success story. The real answer here must lie in prevention."

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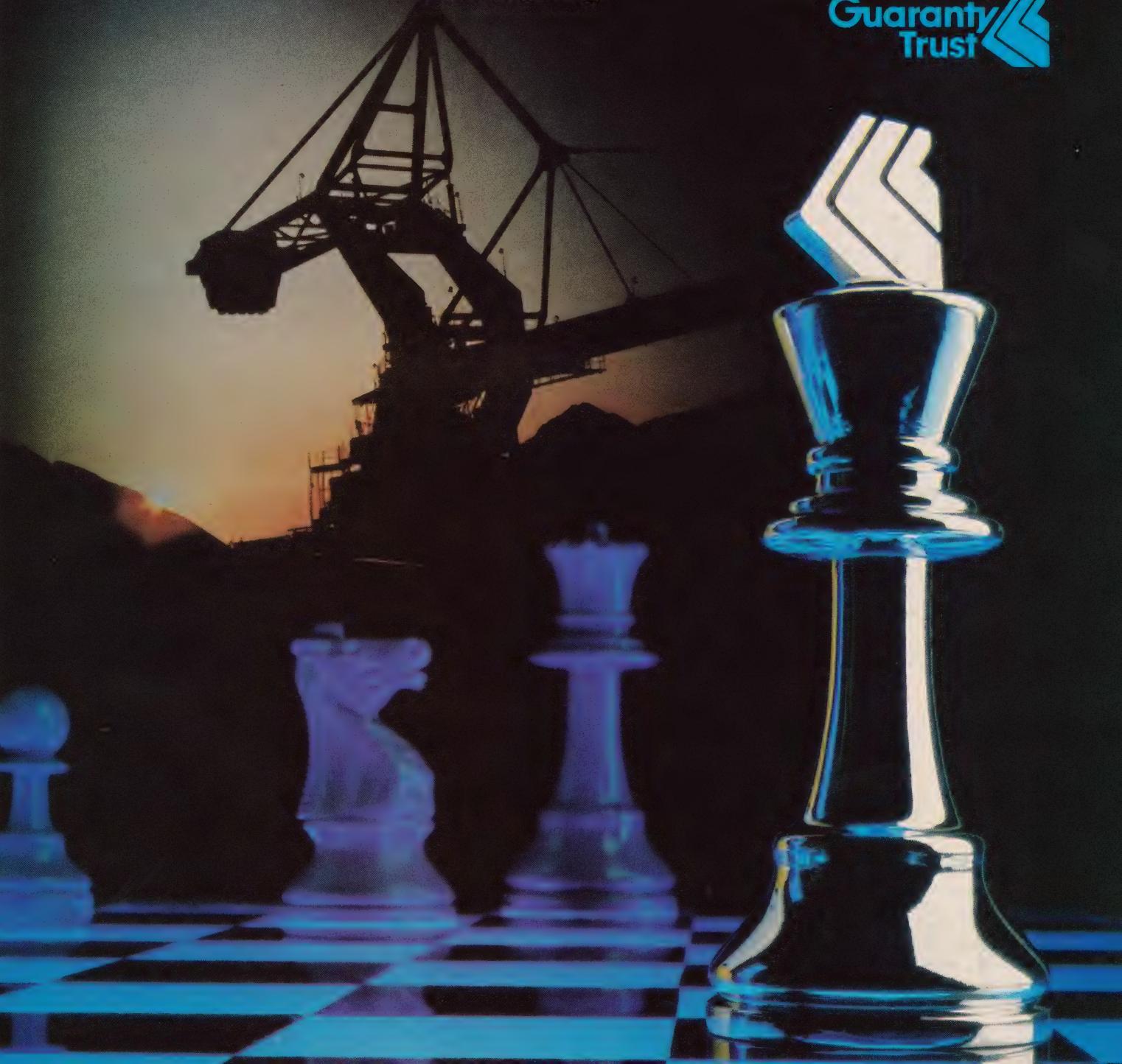
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Roméo, Roméo, what now, Roméo?

New Brunswick's heavyweight in Liberal Ottawa is one man who could beat Richard Hatfield at the polls, party insiders believe. But does Roméo LeBlanc want to be premier?

He is, next to Eugene Whelan, perhaps the least classically handsome of cabinet ministers. His presence has none of the too-perfect glamor of a John Turner or a Brian Mulroney. Beneath the conservative suits, he wages a see-saw battle against the spreading waistline of middle age. His idea of heaven is to haunt the Expo's Florida training camp in shapeless shorts and a stained sweatshirt, unrecognized by the other fans soaking up sunshine and spring baseball in the bleachers.

But no one has ever questioned Roméo LeBlanc's brains. At 56, the former journalist and university professor is a heavyweight in a Liberal ring that offers no breaks to the slow or the weak. He sits on key inner cabinet committees. His portfolio includes the Department of Public Works, with its annual capital budget of hundreds of millions of dollars. He is New Brunswick's man in the councils of Liberal Ottawa, and he has used his clout to secure many plums for his home province.

Now however, with time running out for the Liberal dynasty in Ottawa, LeBlanc is thinking hard about his future, casting about for options to the frustration and futility of sitting, no longer in the comfortable chairs around the cabinet table, but in the political winter of opposition to a government run by Tories. And he is not without options. Not least among the opportunities on LeBlanc's shortlist: The leadership of his party's provincial wing, perhaps the premiership of New Brunswick.

"I always said that after 10 years [in active politics] I would re-examine what I'm doing," LeBlanc says. "That is really what I have to do in the next few months, in the next year."

In fact, 11 years have passed since LeBlanc won his first election as member of Parliament for Westmoreland-Kent in southeastern New Brunswick. It's been nine since he was brought into cabinet as a neophyte minister of state for Fisheries in 1974. His stock-taking now has as much to do with the current political weather forecast, as with a decade-old promise to himself.

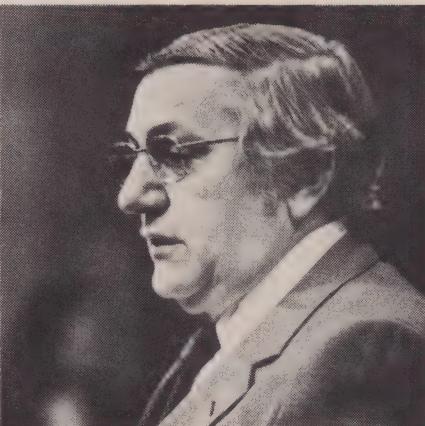
The forecast offers little comfort to the Liberal party. An election is constitutionally inevitable within the year, politically likely within eight months. And the country's mood, as read by the Gallup polls, predicts a majority win by the Progressive Conservatives, a win far too sub-

stantial to be toppled nine months later by a surprise House of Commons vote.

That LeBlanc would win his own riding is as certain as anything in politics; its 23,000 voters have given him an increased majority in each of the three elections he has fought since his first. But it is more doubtful whether LeBlanc (who admits he is a workaholic, "by any definition") would be happy in the limbo of opposition.

And the timing of a late-1984 election defeat for the Liberal government would, somewhat ironically, coincide neatly with more than one opportunity for LeBlanc.

Most tantalizing is the continuing search by the New Brunswick Liberal



CANAPRESS

party for a leader with sufficient political savvy and personal credibility to unseat Richard Hatfield, the winningest premier in New Brunswick history. The party, currently under the interim leadership of Moncton MLA Ray Frenette, expects a leadership convention to be called as soon as the dust from a federal election settles, probably early in 1985.

LeBlanc would hold an impressive hand going into any provincial leadership contest. "He's the type of man who could beat Richard," says one veteran Liberal MLA. A backroom activist puts it more bluntly: "The job is his for the asking."

The reasons for the confidence lie in LeBlanc's 10-year record of delivering federal largesse to almost every corner of New Brunswick: Saint John's \$90-million Market Square complex, built with substantial contributions from Ottawa. A \$60-million Forest Ranger School in Fredericton, ditto. The crucial federal commitment to rent space in Moncton's

Heritage Court, the renovated former Eaton's warehouse. And perhaps most stunning of all, the \$3.85-billion order for six new naval patrol frigates, placed with Saint John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, thanks to LeBlanc's tireless lobbying efforts.

But LeBlanc was offered the provincial leadership before, in 1978, and turned it down. Today, he speaks ambiguously about the job: "I still find politics satisfying, but I have no unlimited ambitions. There's no volcano inside me these days."

Another job, which might prove more attractive to the former teacher, also comes open in 1985 — that of president of the Université de Moncton. LeBlanc has been offered that post before too. This time, he might take it. ("My first question would be, Could I teach a course?")

A third, more remote, possibility, is a Senate seat. But a longtime friend and political colleague says, "I doubt he's interested."

It's more likely, that colleague hints, that LeBlanc would prefer to sit out the exile of opposition, waiting to resume the role of veteran power-broker on the Liberals' eventual return to power. Certainly, LeBlanc, who served as press secretary to Lester Pearson, is eminently qualified to take the long view of politics.

LeBlanc offers few clues about his actual preference. His heavy workload, which frequently sees him at one or another of his three desks on Parliament Hill from 8 a.m. until 2 a.m., leaves him little time for soul-searching. What time he can spare for recreation he devotes to his two children, the focus of his family life since he separated from his wife two years ago. And any decision to return to New Brunswick to live, he says, would be heavily influenced "by the choices my children make."

LeBlanc speaks firmly only of the things he wants still to accomplish for New Brunswick, from what he describes as his "position of some seniority" inside the Liberal government. High on that list, he says, is a program to share the cost of renovating older homes which, though national in scope, would be of particular benefit to the Atlantic region.

There is perhaps only one option that can be ruled out for LeBlanc. Quiet retirement from the public scene is simply not in his character.

He spent much of the Christmas season on the squash courts, forcing his troublesome weight at least temporarily back under control. And that sounds like the work of a man getting into fighting trim. The question is, Where will he choose his battle? —Chris Wood

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Mighty Mouse flexes his muscles

In the rough, tough, spud business, little P.E.I. is proving more than a match for the big guys

It's a tough game," says P.E.I. potato grower Fred McCordle. "I don't know why some people think it's some kind of dream land. It's just as ruthless a business as any other industry."

McCordle, who runs a 250-acre farm at Middleton, P.E.I., might have added — but didn't — that his province, the Mighty Mouse of the potato industry, can be just as tough as any of the big guys in the business. In the past year, Island growers have leapt into two major scuffles with industry giants in an attempt to control a crop that could earn Islanders a record \$100 million this year.

And this winter as Island growers prepare for another planting season, at least some of them are cocky enough to predict that last year's 70,000 acres — double that of 10 years ago — will again double in another decade. "We have a product that's knocking everybody else off the shelf," McCordle says.

Norman Clarey, a grower from Whim Road who's past chairman of the P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board, considers the Island potato industry the most aggressive in North America. "At a time when many potato industries are regressing," he says, "both in their acreage and their share of the marketplace, Prince Edward Island has taken aggressive steps, promoted the product very well and backed it up with quality."

That tenacity was most evident over the past year, as the Island fought charges by the State of Maine that Canadian potatoes were being dumped in the United States, undercutting American growers.

Island shippers covet the New England market, and for good reasons: The exchange on the dollar is favorable, and P.E.I. potatoes command top prices. Close to 20% of the Island crop is sold in the States. If Island growers were found guilty of dumping, the U.S. would impose heavy import duties, jeopardizing sales.

Maine fired the first salvo in the spring of 1982 in what would become a bitter, costly, two-year trade war. Maine charged Canadian growers with unfair marketing practices, claiming that government subsidies to Canadian producers made it hard for U.S. growers to compete. The U.S. Department of Commerce said there was no evidence of this. But last February, Maine charged that Canadians were dumping potatoes in northeastern U.S., selling them at less than fair value

and hurting the American potato industry.

Last November, the Department of Commerce ruled that Maritime potato dealers *had* dumped potatoes on the American market, and slapped an extra duty of 36.1% on Canadian potatoes. An appeal hearing before the U.S. International Trade Commission was scheduled for Nov. 18 in Portland, Me.

Meanwhile, there were problems on the homefront: Ottawa was lukewarm in its support for Maritime growers. "We couldn't get any reaction out of Ottawa," McCordle says. "We finally concluded that they must have known that we were going to win the war, and they just let the Americans play politics."

Others are still bitter about Ottawa's role — or lack of it — in the potato war. "We, as Islanders, felt that official Ottawa didn't go to bat for us as effectively and as decisively and convincingly as they should," says Don Anderson, general manager of the P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board. "If the federal government had been working, which they indicated to me that they were, behind the scenes,

there was a communication breakdown, and we didn't know it. New Brunswick didn't know it, Ontario didn't know it, and the [Canadian] Horticultural Council didn't know it." (Some growers suspect that Ottawa's coolness stemmed from the Island's other big potato confrontation last year: To the consternation of federal Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan, P.E.I. refused to join the proposed Eastern Canadian Potato Marketing Agency, which Whelan believed would bring some stability to a disorganized industry. The Island saw the proposed agency as a threat — an attempt to eliminate its competitive edge in the market.)

The big Maritime producers, P.E.I. and New Brunswick, then found themselves abandoned on the front lines by the other provinces who had agreed to

share the costs of fighting the dumping charge. P.E.I. and New Brunswick assured the lawyers fighting the dumping charge the two provinces would come up with the money somehow. To raise part of it, dealers shipping potatoes off the Island paid extra levies. "We even had to take a mortgage out on [the Potato Marketing Board's] Elite Seed Farm in order to come up with the necessary cash flow to keep that defence in place," Clarey says. "We said we'd find the money to pay for it. We knew that one way or another our industry wasn't going to back down from this one."

That determination paid off in December, when the International Trade Commission ruled that Canadian potatoes were not being dumped in the U.S., and acknowledged that New England dealers preferred Canadian potatoes because of their consistent quality and because of consumer demand.

Fred McCordle, for one, has no quarrel with either of those conclusions. The decision, he says, was a great victory for the Island industry, opening up the whole New England market. But he recognizes

THE BUGLE



The Maine border: U.S. fired the first salvo

that it's tough for Maine to compete. "We represent very, very tough competition in the potato business," he says. "We have a unique product, and once the consumer gets our product, that's what they want. It has come to the point where big dealers in Maine have been phoning me and other farmers looking for a supply of P.E.I. potatoes."

It's such a good product, he's not in the least worried that increased acreages on the Island this spring might lead to surplus and low prices.

"When there's an oversupply, somebody's not going to sell their potatoes, right? And what always happens is, we get the sale. That's what our quality does for us. So instead of us dumping potatoes, Maine and New Brunswick have to dump theirs." — Katherine Jones

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The anti-anti-sprayers find a voice

They are, one Cape Breton citizen says, "the truly forgotten people in the spraying controversy." Not any longer

When 15 Cape Breton landowners lost a court battle last fall to have chemical herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T banned for use in Nova Scotia forests, it wasn't only the province's pulp and paper industry that applauded the decision.

In Cape Breton's Inverness County, a small group of woodlot owners, pulp contractors, truck drivers and laborers also were celebrating the victory by Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI). The group, called Truth in Forestry, is the only organized citizens' opposition to the province's vocal environmental lobby, which has scored major victories in the past decade against the use of chemical pesticides and herbicides.

Inverness physician Dr. Bernie MacLean, who is medical adviser to the group and often acts as its spokesman, says Truth in Forestry's main purpose is to educate people about the chemicals, which are "perfectly safe if used properly." During the battle over the spruce budworm insecticide in the Seventies, which led to a ban on budworm spraying in Nova Scotia, and over herbicide spraying of hardwoods in the Eighties, MacLean and others sat back silently and watched environmentalists dominate the debate, he says.

"For too long, all the public heard about were the arguments of the environmentalists, but that's because there were few people speaking out on the other side."

Since Truth in Forestry held its first meeting in September, it has grown to two chapters — one in Cape Breton, one on the mainland — and 400 members, who raise money by passing the hat at meetings.

MacLean describes them as "the truly forgotten people in the spraying controversy." Most are rural woodlot owners, truck drivers and laborers who for years have made a living in the forest industry. When it went into decline in the late Seventies because of spruce budworm damage, they saw much of their employment disappear. Their incomes, in many cases, fell dramatically.

Agnes Fraser, a pulp contractor in the Margaree Valley, says she used to be able to provide 10 to 12 months' employment for 20 to 25 woodcutters for NSFI's Strait of Canso pulp mill. Now, because of the budworm infestation, she says, she's lucky if she can provide 10 weeks' employment, enough to qualify for unemployment insurance.

"I think that if we had sprayed for

the budworm in the highlands when it got there, the budworm wouldn't have made it to the lowlands and the trees would have been saved," she says.

Contractor Jud Carmichael of Margaree Valley says there's so little wood to harvest, it was all he could do last year to stretch work among his 36 employees so they could qualify for unemployment benefits. "It was like pulling teeth trying to make enough work to go around."

John MacLellan, a machine operator in Belle Cote, had 16 weeks' work last year, down five weeks from the previous



Pulp contractor Fraser: Only 10 weeks' work



MacLean: Speaking for the other side

year. The job decline over the past few years has been hard on his wife and three children, he says. "It's hard when all you're getting is unemployment. You have to watch your money. We don't go out."

MacLean maintains that spraying the budworm when it infested the highlands in the Seventies would have checked the advance of the pest to the lowlands, where most Truth in Forestry members work. When environmentalists launched a new campaign in the Eighties against herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, people affected by the budworm's destruction became concerned enough to take action, he says.

That action consists mainly of a public relations campaign. Besides issuing press releases to counter statements by environmentalists, Truth in Forestry has organized public meetings featuring forestry experts who talk about the role of chemicals in forest management. And the mainland chapter has conducted tours of forestry operations.

MacLean says most people are unaware that the provincial Health Department has set a safety exposure level for the herbicides at 100, which means that "the average user of the chemicals would have to expose himself 100 times to get any effect." He contends that the risk of contracting cancer from the chemicals is negligible. While a person has one chance in a million of developing cancer from inhaling one cigarette, "for every 20 people spraying the chemicals for four hours each day and for four months continually each year, there would be one cancer every million and a half years."

Not surprisingly, the environmentalists don't agree with Truth in Forestry on the safety issue, or on the need for spraying in the first place. Peter Cumming of Framboise, who belongs to the Herbicide Fund Society (a support group for the anti-spray landowners), says he sympathizes with people who lost work because of the budworm.

But the spray ban was not the main cause of the budworm infestation, he says. Instead, it was improper forest management by forestry companies over the past 25 years. Had the pulp companies harvested overly mature softwoods when they first began logging in Cape Breton, he says, the budworm would not have had so many trees to feed on. The companies "chose the route that would ensure the highest profits" and cut the less mature, more accessible timber. And techniques such as strip cutting and replanting with more insect-resistant trees are hardly industry priorities, he says.

MacLean argues that spraying would have at least curtailed damage enough to maintain growth in the industry. In New Brunswick, where spraying has been going on since the Fifties, the program hasn't eliminated the budworm, "but employment in the industry has almost doubled."

On issues such as these, he says, Truth in Forestry will continue to speak out, even though environmentalists failed to have herbicides banned. "For too long, our side has been out of the public eye, but that's changing," he says. "We've got a big catch-up job to do."

— Ron Stang

Gambling on the greycoats

Despite uncertain support from the feds and renewed opposition from animal rights' groups, Newfoundland sealers are betting that their ailing industry will pull through

When Ottawa announced a \$1-million compensation program for Newfoundland's 6,000 sealers this winter, it looked as though the ill winds plaguing the industry the past few years were about to shift.

The price-support program was to compensate sealers for poor prices last year, when seal pelts sold for half the regular price of about \$30. Sealers now will be paid 80% of that price for the 1983 harvest, which means their incomes will rise by nearly a third.

But some Newfoundlanders are still skeptical about how committed the feds are to reviving the ailing industry. "As far as the federal government goes," observes sealer Harvey Mouland of Musgrave Harbour, "they're not promising anything for the 1984 hunt. But you never knows, and you got to take your chances. It's all a gamble, I suppose."

Federal fisheries Minister Pierre De Bané says the injection of funds is only one sign of the feds' commitment. They've already shown they're willing to defend sealers before international organizations, participate in fur garment shows and prepare promotional aids, he says. But he also says that getting approval for the program was "one of my main battles last year." And he's giving no promises that the same kind of money will be available for this year's seal hunt, even though prices are expected to remain low.

Newfoundland Fisheries Minister

Jim Morgan says the delay in announcing the support program indicates that De Bané must have had problems getting it through cabinet. "I've known for some time there's been mounting opposition at the federal level to Mr. De Bané's support of the fishery, because of economic repercussions," Morgan says. "People have got the impression that the seal industry was not of sufficient economic benefit to the country to warrant the kind of black eye that Canada was getting internationally."

In fact, Newfoundland won one and lost one at the time of De Bané's announcement. The Newfoundland government wants the feds to bar foreign fishing fleets from the Newfoundland coast in retaliation for the two-year ban on whitecoat seal pelts that the European Economic Community imposed in October, 1983. But, at the same time De Bané released details about the sealing subsidies, he also announced that foreign fleets will be allowed 20,000 tons of northern cod this year.

Morgan gives much of the credit for the compensation program to the 1,000-member Canadian Sealers Association, which was formed close to two years ago, and which has been lobbying the public and the government ever since. Association executive director Kirk Smith of St. John's says the sealers engaged in some "very practical and sophisticated" lobbying to get government support and to try to change public

opinion on the seal hunt. Instead of using a paid spokesman for TV interviews, for instance, the association had working sealers tell their side of the story. "We would state our position, support that and do it in a way that we weren't making any enemies," Smith says.

But the sealers' public relations campaign has by no means changed everybody's mind about the hunt. Currently, their biggest problem is a lack of markets for seal pelts, stemming from the European ban and bad publicity about the hunt worldwide.

Although anti-sealing protests have stopped the whitecoat hunt, groups such as Greenpeace, the Fund for Animal Welfare and the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society are still using in their campaigns pictures of the doe-eyed whitecoat pups being clubbed to death. The protesters are also breaking new ground.

In January, Paul Watson, former captain of the protest vessel *Sea Shepherd*, sent an open letter to Newfoundland sealers to the St. John's *Evening Telegram* from the Quebec jail cell where he was serving part of a 15-month sentence for disrupting last year's hunt. "The tactics of the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society will now change," he wrote. "We will now focus our attention on economic targets." He was referring to a billboard-and-leaflet campaign — started in Britain about six months ago and moving to the United States eventually — to boycott Newfoundland fish products and discourage tourists from visiting the province.

The sealers plan to counter this with their own strategy, some of which they're keeping quiet for fear of giving anti-sealers the upper hand. Part of the strategy involves concentrating on finding new markets and improving pelt quality through a better system of storage and chilling. "We've gone into it as promoters of the industry rather than as defenders of the seal hunt," Smith says.

So far, he says, that approach has made the sealers more popular than before with the Canadian public. And he's optimistic about this spring's hunt. He hopes more sealers will take part, and that more pelts will be sold than the 60,000 that the Carino Co. plant in Dildo — Canada's main buyer for seal pelts — has promised to handle.

He acknowledges that the future of the large-vessel hunt offshore, which usually starts this month, is in jeopardy because of a lack of markets for the whitecoat pup pelts. But the other part of the hunt, in which landsmen kill greycoat seals inshore, will continue, he predicts.

"I think you will see the whole thing begin to reverse and the pendulum swing back," he says, "because we are not the victimizers but the victims."

— Victoria O'Dea



Kirk Smith and sealers: Promoters of an industry

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People-smuggling becomes a big-money game

Commercial smuggling rings are making up to \$3,000 a head for helping illegal aliens slip across the U.S. border from New Brunswick

The frontier between New Brunswick and Maine is a 40-foot strip of land carved out of bush that stretches for miles. There's only a handful of official points of entry. The rest of the roads are unguarded. Sometimes they're paved roads with a posted sign telling people to report to Immigration, but there also are hundreds of unpaved farm roads.

That leaves a lot of leeway for people wanting to enter the U.S. illegally. They used to do it at more central points, such as Windsor or Niagara Falls, Ont. But border patrol people in Maine say tighter enforcement in those spots, and in Vermont, has shifted the problem eastward. Roger Leighton, deputy chief patrol agent for a 50-man unit in Houlton, Me., which specializes in tracking down illegal immigrants coming into the state of Maine, says his men pick up an average of 600 a year, many of them coming through the bushes of New Brunswick.

That's still a drop in the bucket compared to the Mexico-United States border (more illegal immigrants come across there in a single day than come across the Canada-U.S. border in a year). But Leighton says illegal entry from Canada is a growing problem: The numbers are increasing, and a new style of smuggling, organized rings, has developed.

In the past, smuggling on the Canada-U.S. border usually involved bringing a friend or relative into the U.S., knowing that the person had no intention of returning to Canada. No money changed hands. In the past few years, however, commercial operators have been taking advantage of Canada's looser entrance requirements to smuggle foreigners into the U.S. (Canada Immigration allows people from roughly 80 countries to enter without a visa, while the U.S. requires a visa from everyone except Canadians.)

Haitians now are at the top of the list of people being smuggled through New Brunswick. The going rate, according to Leighton, is \$1,000 a head to pick up an illegal immigrant at the Montreal airport, and drop him or her at an airport in Maine, though the fee can go as high as \$3,000 if the alien can pay it.

The main centres for smuggling rings are Toronto and, to a lesser extent, Montreal, but people in other parts of the country are also involved. Leighton estimates that one-sixth of the illegal immigrants apprehended in Maine have paid

someone to bring them across the border. While Maine border patrol officers routinely pick up the immigrants, they don't often apprehend the smugglers. Leighton's men were jubilant last spring when they picked up two New Brunswick men, and cracked what Leighton describes as a relatively sophisticated operation. "On a scale of one to 10, I'd say it was probably a five," he says.

Denzil Taylor, 36, of Moncton, and Donald William Hannah, 53, of Oromocto were charged on a total of seven counts — one of conspiracy to smuggle aliens, three of smuggling aliens and three of transporting aliens within the U.S. Taylor pleaded guilty in October to four of the counts, and was sentenced in U.S. federal court in Bangor to six months on each count. Hannah pleaded not guilty, and was convicted in November on all seven counts.

Hannah and Taylor were caught walking out the door of a motel in Presque Isle, Me., where they had spent the night with three West Indians who were waiting for the morning flight to New York. The group had arrived the previous evening via what Leighton calls a "classic two-man operation." Hannah had dropped the group on a farm road near Bridgewater, Me., then proceeded through the official port of entry alone. Once cleared, he then drove around and picked up the men who had crossed the border on foot.

When the men walked across the border, they tripped an alarm, which sounded at border patrol headquarters in Houlton. A sharp immigration officer at the port where Hannah had entered put two and two together, because Hannah's name was well known to the border patrol, and suggested that Hannah was their man. Immigration routinely takes down licence plate numbers, and Hannah had volunteered he was on his way to Presque Isle.

Hannah and Taylor were business associates, used car dealers who travelled regularly to Montreal for a weekly car

auction, where they bought cars for resale in New Brunswick. A West Indian himself, Taylor maintained that he was just trying to help some people become reunited with family members in the U.S. and didn't realize the seriousness of his actions. Hannah testified he didn't really understand what was going on.

But the border patrol maintained that Taylor, at least, had previously helped smuggle aliens into the U.S. The patrol usually gets evidence from immigrants who are left stranded, such as the woman with a small child who was smuggled in, dropped at the hotel in Presque Isle, and told the smuggler would return the next day. When he didn't, she boarded a bus for New York, but was apprehended when it was stopped in Houlton, where buses are routinely inspected for illegal immigrants. Since the smuggler always gets his money in advance, he doesn't lose financially when a smuggling attempt fails.

In the past few years, Maine border patrol has developed an arsenal of techniques to combat illegal entry, including electronic sensors buried in roads and other devices. The 50-man unit headed by Leighton has no counterpart on the New Brunswick side of the border; ali-



Leighton: His 50-man unit tracks down illegal immigrants

ens are rarely smuggled from the U.S. into Canada. Illegal aliens prefer the U.S. for a number of reasons, including climate and larger ethnic communities. "It's easier to get lost in New York than it is in, say, Moncton, New Brunswick," Leighton says.

U.S. Immigration feels illegal aliens are being unfair to people who take the time to apply for a visa from their home country. Leighton estimates there are now six million illegal aliens in the U.S., and the cost to the taxpayer of supporting them is "horrendous." But he tends to agree with Canadian immigration officials who consider the problem an American one. "In a free society, you can't put undue restrictions on the movement of people, simply because somebody comes to one country for transshipment to another," he says. "It's a problem we live with."

— Sue Calhoun

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**Sharing: Metro's boom
in co-op home ownership**

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Homes for two (or three or four)

Shared home ownership is becoming a popular choice in Metro. But you should know what you're getting into

By Pat Lotz

When Winifred Desjardins, a federal government information officer, finally realized that her landlord was not going to do anything about the deteriorating state of the apartment she rented in central Halifax, she had two options: "Fix it up myself and add to the landlord's equity or move." She didn't want to live in a high-rise, and there seemed to be no comfortable flats available. "I decided to look into the possibilities of buying. I told the real estate agent that I had X number of dollars for a down payment, and I wanted to see what I could get for that amount."

Not very much, as it turned out.

"That's when I thought of Charlie. We sat next to each other in Grade 6 back in Antigonish, and we'd recently met up again. I knew he was thinking about buying a place, so I thought, Why not share a duplex?"

"I'd been looking around, and I realized there was no way I could afford to buy a house," says Charlie Macdonald, an engineer with the provincial Department of Transport. He was then living on the eighth floor of a high-rise overlooking the Halifax Commons, and "I was about ready to come down to ground level."

Desjardins liked the duplex on Hunter Street

as soon as the agent showed it to her. "It was the wooden doors that really attracted her," Macdonald says, with a chuckle. But it had other advantages: Structural soundness, plenty of room, a backyard. Desjardins moved into the upper unit last October and Macdonald moved into the lower unit a month later. They had no trouble assuming the mortgage, which they pay in proportion to the amount of the down payment each made.

"We have a temporary agreement drawn up and witnessed, covering things like how costs are to be divided and what happens if one of us wants to sell," explains Macdonald, "but we plan to get a formal one drawn up by a lawyer, after we've had a chance to see what kind of issues might crop up." "You can't dot all the i's and cross all the t's before you have a chance to see how things go," Desjardins adds. Chores such as snow shoveling and leaf-raking are shared. Macdonald looks after the finances, and Desjardins looks after getting estimates or arranging for repairmen.

Wilson Fitt, a Halifax lawyer specializing in real estate, notes that co-ownership arrangements are becoming more common. "This type of arrangement can be attractive because it allows a person to get out of the rental market and into home ownership with only half of the cost of purchasing a property solely."

It's an arrangement that works well for Alvin Comiter, who, unlike Desjardins, found his house first and then went looking for two partners to share it. "When I saw this place, I really wanted it," he says of the tall, elegant stone building dating back to 1870. "Most of the lovely old houses in Halifax are too big for one person to buy," complains Comiter, who teaches photography at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. The building was already divided into three units, but the idea of living in one and renting the other two did

not appeal to him, "even if I could have afforded the down payment." The first two people he found to share backed out, but just when he thought he would lose the building, he was introduced to Peter Schwenger at a party. Schwenger, who teaches English at Mount Saint Vincent University, was looking for a single house to buy but agreed to look at the Queen Street house. "As soon as I saw the house, I felt it was the right place for me," Schwenger says. "I went home and, jokingly, asked a girl who lived in the same building if she wanted to buy a flat." As it happened, Lynda Campbell, a speech pathologist, had been looking for a house to buy. She, too, made up her mind as soon as she saw the place.

lawyer. It made us look like terrible people." There are clauses covering rights and obligations, financial management, sharing of maintenance. "There's also a clause that we meet once a month," Campbell points out, "but we don't. We tend to get together when there's something to discuss."

One of the many things they like about the co-ownership arrangement, since they all travel in their jobs, is that there's always someone around to keep an eye on things. A clause in the contract ensures that each person has a key to all three units. Cost sharing is another plus. Soon after they moved in, they discovered that they had to replace the roof and waterproof the foundations.



Macdonald and Desjardins: Good will and a good contract

"The thing that really sold me on the place was the fenced-in backyard. It meant I could get a dog right away."

Comiter had already laid claim to the smallest unit. Schwenger preferred the main floor where the previous owners had lived. "It has a slightly theatrical style," he says, "and I'm a rather theatrical person." Although the top floor needed work, Campbell liked it for its spaciousness and the deck.

They moved in July, 1981.

One of the first tasks was to draw up an agreement. "We considered every conceivable appalling possibility," Schwenger explains. "In fact, I was embarrassed when we took it to the

"If I were in a single-family house," Comiter points out, "the roof and the foundation work would have cost the same. Split three ways, it's easier to bear." As a first-time home-buyer, Campbell likes the confidence that having two others around gives her.

Betty Ann Lloyd, a CBC associate producer, feels the co-ownership option is particularly viable for women on their own, or heading one-parent families, many of whom would like the convenience of living on the peninsula, "but have a very hard time finding affordable housing." In February, Lloyd and another woman bought a four-unit building in the North End. Ownership is

split 50/50 although Lloyd put down the larger portion of the down payment. She and her son live in one unit on the top floor and rent the other unit; her friend lives in a unit on the ground floor and rents the other. "We have a very strict, legal contract," Lloyd says, and they plan to have monthly meetings to ensure that everything runs smoothly. Since both women have a similar outlook on life, Lloyd isn't expecting problems.

Problems do seem to crop up when co-owners meet through the seller or realtor rather than through friendship or a mutual acquaintance. Joan Fuller, herself a real estate agent, had two main concerns when she bought into a three-unit building on Cambridge Street: The financial liability and whether she would be able to get along with two strangers. As it turned out, there were problems. One person wanted to do a lot of renovations, another nagged about maintenance and "we had a young baby who cried, and the soundproofing was not very good." The solution? "We moved. I was very relieved to get out of it into a single-family house." They sold their unit to a friend of one of the co-owners. "That kind of arrangement works much better if you know each other to start with," she says.

Non-compatibility was not the problem for Bill Naftel, Susan Markham and Mark DeWolf when they moved into the Sir Sandford Fleming House on Brunswick Street in 1976 even though they had never met before. The house, built in 1864 and for many years a rooming house, was still being renovated when they paid their deposits and moved in.

The final sale was to go through when all the work (including a fourth unit) was completed. By 1979, the fourth unit was still not finished and costs were rising. "It got too rich for my blood," Naftel says. Despite the experience, the three of them were still sold on the idea of co-ownership, "so

we looked around for something on a more modest scale."

Naftel, Markham and DeWolf found a Fifties triplex in the North End, with a splendid view of Halifax harbor. It was in good condition and needed only exterior painting. They decided to use the home ownership corporation type of legal structure. Ownership of a block of shares in the corporation entitles them to occupy their individual units and use the common elements. A year after they moved in, Markham sold her shares to James Eayrs.

The bylaws of the corporation set out regulations for all aspects of ownership, occupation and maintenance of the building. They have regular monthly meetings and an annual meeting and keep minutes for them all. Naftel, who works as senior historian at Parks Canada, is pleased with the success of their second attempt at co-ownership. "It's nice to have a small group of people sharing. We don't live in each other's pockets, but we do socialize."

The home-ownership corporation, also referred to as an equity co-op (in contrast with a non-equity or non-profit co-op, in which the tenants have no equity in their units), is a legal concept usually used for buildings with four or more co-owners.

Barrinsmith House on the corner of Barrington and Smith streets has nine units. Pat and Sidney Langmaid were the first purchasers of a unit and "we went into the deal a lot less blindly than many of the others," Pat Langmaid says, "because we had looked at a similar arrangement on Morris Street." Some of the co-owners did not realize that areas like the backyard were common to all, and were not to be divided into nine sections. "Some of the people even came in against the advice of their lawyers," Langmaid says. "They saw it as a very inexpensive way of acquiring a home, and lawyer or not, they just wanted in."

Wilson Fitt does not try to prevent clients from buy-

ing into co-ownership arrangements, but he makes sure they understand what they're getting into. He points out that co-ownership is not the same as condominium ownership. The blanket mortgage held by a condominium corporation's mortgage covers only the common and structural elements, not each individual unit. A home-ownership corporation's mortgage covers everything, and a defaulting shareholder can cause foreclosure, if arrangements have not been made to cover the payments.

obstacle to resale, or a relative depression in price."

"It would be much easier if financial institutions would adjust to this form of home ownership," says Pat Langmaid, "and allow people to raise a mortgage on the shares." But Fitt does not foresee this happening under the present legal structure in Nova Scotia. "What you would have to get is a personal or business loan, using the shares in the home ownership corporation as collateral." Of course this would not be amortized over



Comiter (top left), Schwenger and Campbell like the fact that someone's always around to keep an eye on things

Then there's the potential problem of resale of a unit where equity is in the form of shares. As Fitt points out: "The equity is the difference between the blanket mortgage amount and the market value of the share. As time goes on, the mortgage balance will be reduced and, hopefully, the value of the share will be increased. This equity, as it increases, and the possible difficulty of a potential buyer finding personal financing for it may result in a substantial

a long period.

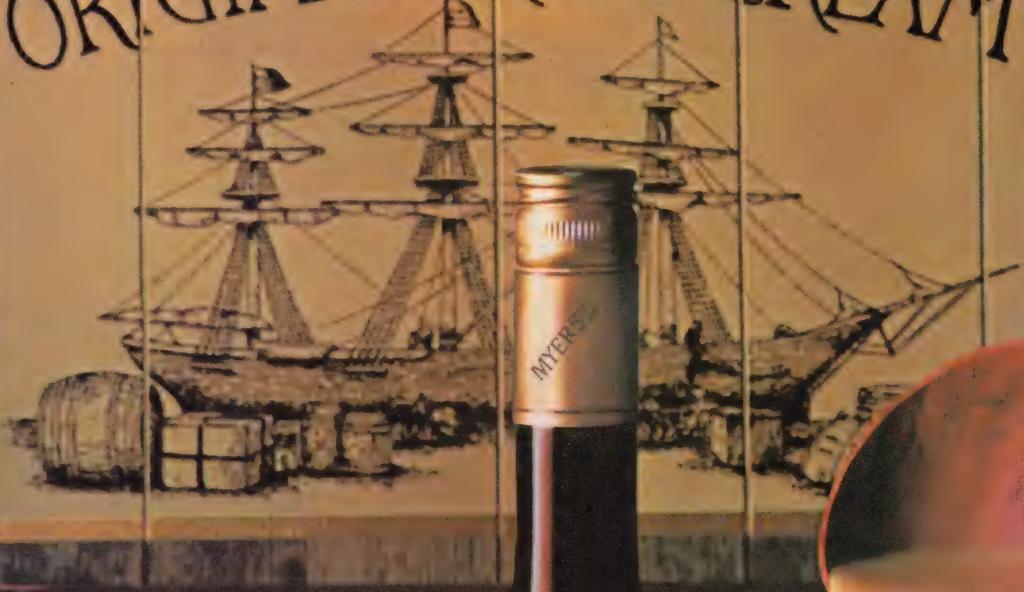
But people like Winifred Desjardins and Charlie Macdonald feel that the advantages of co-ownership outweigh the disadvantages, and that with good will and a good contract, major problems can be averted. "I'm paying less a month here for a two-bedroom apartment than I was for a one-bedroom before," says Macdonald. "And I've got an apartment," adds Desjardins, "that isn't falling down around me."

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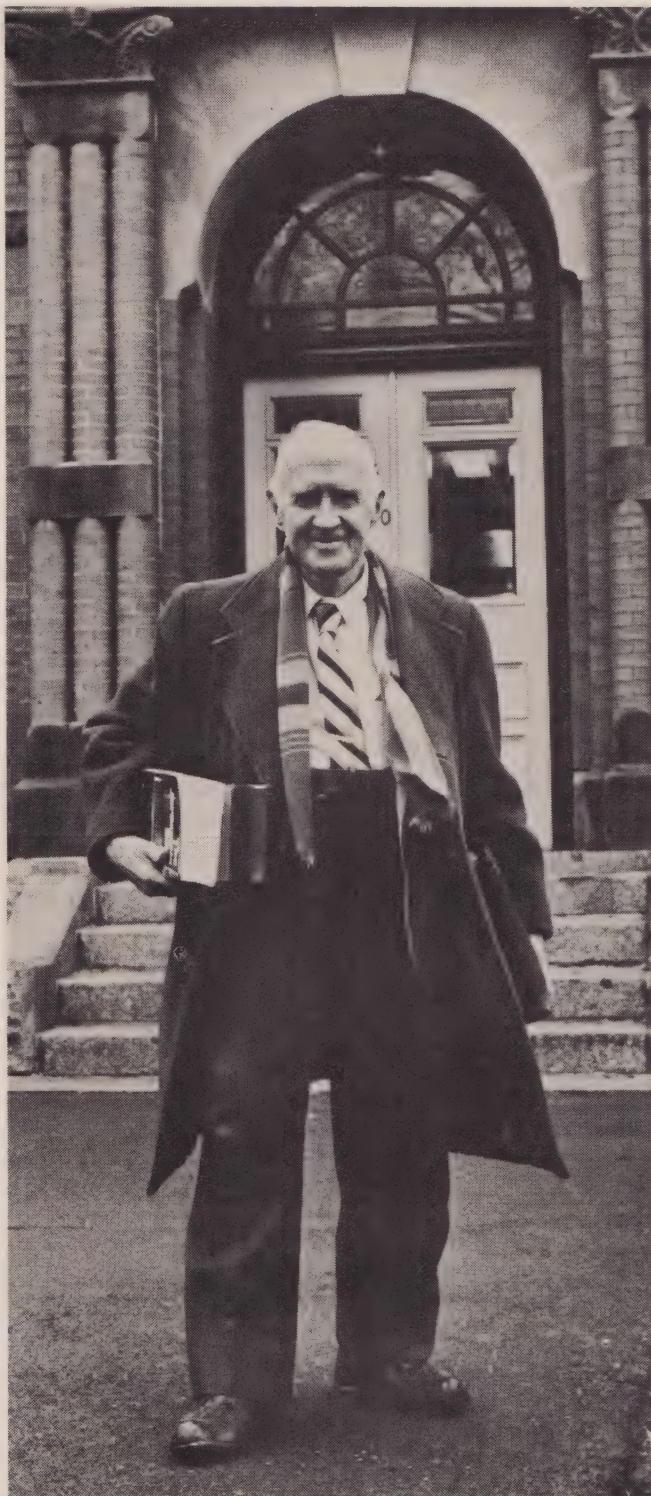
The second time around

More and more people in their 60s and 70s are discovering that age is no barrier to higher learning

Jim O'Connor isn't your average college student. Born in 1905, he left school in his early teens and went to work as an office boy in a Halifax shipping company. In the Thirties, he tried to get a degree by correspondence from Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B. "I was doing pretty well with the courses," he recalls, but he was unable to take a year off to put in the year's residence that was then a requirement for a degree from Mount A. But after his second retirement (he retired from the federal government in 1969 and from the Halifax Co-operative Society in 1976), "I thought I'd start in again on some education." He took a BA at Saint Mary's University, choosing religious studies as his major, and after graduating in 1981, registered at the Atlantic School of Theology (AST) in the master's of theological studies program.

O'Connor's not unique in Metro. He is one of a small but increasing number of seniors who are picking up their formal education where they left off many years ago. Some are studying purely for the joy of learning; others, like Roberta Clark, an attractive, vivacious woman in her early 60s, have new career goals in mind.

Clark, who will graduate from Mount Saint Vincent University next month,



DAVID NICHOLS

Jim O'Connor: After two retirements he's back in college

hopes to turn her BA and certificate in gerontology into a job with seniors. "The gerontology program looks at aging from all sides," Clark explains, "and it also involves practical work." Last year, she did her practical work at Camp Hill Hospital, and over the past academic year she has pro-

duced and been host of a TV program for seniors, *Seniors in Action*, on Channel 10.

Like O'Connor, Clark took some courses through correspondence from Mount A. She worked as a nurse-secretary, and later owned and ran a crafts store in Big Bras d'Or for 12 years. She

went to Mount Saint Vincent after the death of her husband. "My first year, I took on the job of don at Assisi Hall," she says. "Looking after 140 girls helped me through the grieving experience."

"The people who study after 60 are the kind of people who would have gone to university if they'd had the chance," says Joyce Kennedy, assistant director of continuing education at the Mount. "The spark for many of them is that their children and grandchildren go to university, so they complete the family tradition from the other end."

The Mount, along with Saint Mary's and Dalhousie, waives tuition fees for the over-60s, AST for the over-65s, while the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design charges half fees for the over-65s in the regular undergraduate program. Unlike other colleges, the Mount actively encourages seniors to attend university. This year, about 35 seniors are studying there full- or part-time for credit and non-credit courses.

Is it harder to learn as you get older?

Wayne Mitic of Dalhousie's health education division believes that retaining learning ability is the result of a self-fulfilling prophecy. "If you believe you are able to learn, you will; but if you go into it afraid that because you are getting older, your learning ability is diminishing, it will." The key to retaining this ability is "to maintain a stimulating environment."

Aging, of course, brings

physiological changes that can cause problems. Some, such as vision and hearing impairment, can be controlled; others, people simply have to adjust to. For example, short-term memory becomes less efficient. Joe O'Connor says: "I have to read something over several times to fix it in my mind." Reaction time slows down, too. This is one reason traditional intelligence tests are a poor gauge of seniors' mental ability. Even intelligence tests developed specifically to measure adults' intelligence can result in faulty comparisons. The problem, Mitic points out, "is that we give the same test to a 20-year-old and a 70-year-old. Instead we should be testing the same person at 20 and 70." Where such testing has been carried out, results indicate that adults can retain intellectual ability even into their 90s, providing they don't become ill.

However, even in healthy adults, mental functioning can be affected by some prescription drugs. There's a tendency, Mitic says, for

doctors to prescribe drugs for complaints such as insomnia and tension, blaming the problems on old age. "Exercise," he points out, "has been called the natural tranquilizer. Anyone who exercises regularly should be able to cope with stress."

When Margaret Snyder saw the benefits of even the mild exercise and mental stimulation she was providing for seniors at a nursing home she was inspired to embark on her bachelor's degree in recreation at Dalhousie. "I decided I wanted to set up pre-retirement programs," says this lively woman in her mid-60s. "You don't stop growing and developing, just because you've reached 60 or 65, but there are many people arriving at 60 and 65 with no tools to go on developing."

Like O'Connor, Snyder finds that "I have to read something over and over again." She started off with a course in study skills, which she recommends highly for anyone returning to study after many years' absence. And she feels it's

important for older students to have a goal. "You have to have a focus, to know what you're studying for, a reason for doing all that work."

For Claire Walters, however, the pleasure of studying a subject that interests her is sufficient motivation. "I left school in 1934, during the Depression," she says, "and there was no chance of going to college unless you were in the upper economic echelons." For her political science course at Saint Mary's, she's done the class assignments and written the exam, even though, as an auditing student, she didn't have to.

How do seniors get along with the other students?

O'Connor felt a distance between himself and the younger students when he started at Saint Mary's, but when one of the professors had a social evening and asked students to wear a label saying how they felt, "I wrote on my label: 'I feel awkward among so many young people.' The students came up to me and told me I shouldn't feel like that,

and I don't anymore." Margaret Snyder finds herself regarded as a mother figure, "or maybe I should say a grandmother figure."

Lesley Choyce, who teaches creative writing at Mount Saint Vincent, was amused by the reaction of a young student in his class after she'd listened to a woman in her 60s read out her class assignment. "My God!" the girl exclaimed, "she used a four-letter word." For her part, the older woman frequently expressed amazement and delight at the seriousness of purpose revealed by the young students in their assignments. "It was a real breakdown of barriers between generations," Choyce says.

Margaret Snyder finds the most difficult thing to explain to young students is that she enjoys being in her 60s and is looking forward to being in her 70s.

"You're in the preliminaries," I tell them. "I'm in the main event."

— Pat Lotz

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This couple's got "energy, smarts, charm"

If book publishing ever takes off here, place a bet on Carolyn MacGregor and James Lorimer

By Harry Bruce

ATORONTO woman who knew publisher James Lorimer in his most influential and controversial years there marvels that since he moved to Halifax and married Carolyn MacGregor "he has actually become nice." Some Torontonians might find this scarcely believable. In the mid-Seventies, while still in his early 30s, Lorimer was president of the Association of Canadian Publishers and chairman of the Toronto Public Library; and if one were to believe enemies he made in both organizations, he was satanic. At the library, an ex-trustee recalled, he was "unbelievably Machiavellian." Moreover there's a story, perhaps apocryphal, that Jack McClelland of McClelland & Stewart was once one of several publishers who refused to enter a room if Lorimer was in it, and that they only became amicable after discovering they both disliked a third person even more than they disliked each other.

That story may say more about backbiting in Canadian publishing, a small pond with fierce frogs, than about either Lorimer or McClelland; but in any event, Lorimer was, as *Saturday Night* editor Robert Fulford recently put it, "intensely involved in the Byzantine politics of the Canadian book-publishing business." Fulford talked about Lorimer's skills as a committee man, his staying power and organizing talents, his reputation for ruthlessness and backroom manipulation, his ability to command loyalty, and how he managed to lever himself from the limited base of a small publishing house into "an incredible amount of power. In the tiny politics of the book-publishing world, he became all-powerful."

Colombo's Canadian References (1976) called Lorimer "a radical nationalist." A woman who briefly worked for him in the early Seventies, and disliked the experience ("I'm not used to being oppressed that way"), acknowledged that he was "a fascinating person.... He used to just hammer the heck out of the multinationals." He was an articulate foe of things that greedy

development corporations inflicted on cities and a champion of Toronto's somewhat revolutionary neighborhood movement, but "he wasn't a grassroots kind of guy at all. He was a strange kind of elitist who'd taken on this fierce struggle. He was tough, and he was uncompromising." He was so close to John Sewell, the most unconventional mayor (1978-80) in Toronto history, that some regarded him as Sewell's political guru. Neither man liked this theory.

Born in Regina, Lorimer got his BA from the University of Manitoba, then a

called him "nice."

Late in the decade, he began to pop up in Halifax to lecture at the Dalhousie schools of law and library services, and in the summer of '81 he married Carolyn MacGregor, ex-wife of a Halifax doctor. The ceremony occurred at a little church in Weymouth, where Carolyn had grown up, and the wedding party was an outdoor dinner at Digby Pines hotel. It was, by all accounts, a memorable bash. Guests included MacGregor's Halifax friends, Lorimer's relatives from western Canada, and Toronto friends, in-



Lorimer and MacGregor: Helping Maritime book publishing take off

PhD from the London School of Economics. He popped up in Toronto as an economics professor in 1967 and by 1969, still only 26, he was not only a city hall columnist for *The Globe and Mail* but also an *enfant terrible* of Canadian book publishing. Throughout much of the Seventies, Torontonians who cared about books and city politics knew Lorimer's name almost as well as hockey fans now know Gretzky's. But few

including Sewell, author Marian Engel and other writers. "It was a fabulous dinner," a Halifax woman recalled.

"Half the people there made speeches. The visitors got a real dose of Nova Scotian oratory, but I think some of them had come all that way just to get a look at the woman who'd landed Jim."

When MacGregor married Lorimer, she also married the book business. Just over a year ago they bought the wreck-

age of the financially stricken Formac Publishing Co. Ltd., Antigonish, and moved its assets to Halifax. The assets were "a garageful" of unsold books and now, when it's springtime in the Valley, MacGregor jams her stationwagon with hundreds of paperbacks, and then heads for the hills on a breezy sales blitz of shopkeepers round the Maritimes. She is tall, handsome, talkative. Her smile could melt icebergs, and perhaps even a bookstore owner's steely resolve to order no more copies of *Hollytales to Warm Your Dreams, Where Broad Atlantic Surges Roll or Death Can Be Beautiful*. (Actually, if truth be told, not even MacGregor has yet managed to sell a copy of *Death Can Be Beautiful*.)

The Formac list of nearly 30 titles reflects former publisher Carroll MacIntyre's interest in eastern Nova Scotia but reveals no publishing philosophy. It has a haphazard quality. Thus, MacGregor's stationwagon might contain cartons not only of such local favorites as *History of Antigonish County*, *The Irish in Cape Breton*, *Mabou Pioneers* and *The Guysboro Railway*, but also such province-wide standards as *Folklore of Nova Scotia* and *Highland Heart in Nova Scotia*. For the South Shore, she offers *Captain William Kidd, Scapegoat or Scoundrel*; for visitors to the Cabot Trail, booklets on birds and hikes in Cape Breton Highlands National Park; for students of NDP backbiting, *The Akerman Years* by Paul MacEwan. Like

a 19th-century dry-goods drummer, MacGregor's got a little something for everybody.

She visits not just year-round bookstores, but also stationery shops, hotels, drugstores, and craft and gift shops that open only in summer. Moreover, thanks to a shrewd move by Lorimer, she has more than just Formac's whimsical list to flog. He's the founder of Goodread Biographies, a Formac program to issue paperback reprints of hardcover books about Canadians at reasonable prices (\$3.95, \$4.95, \$5.95). When MacGregor goes to Prince Edward Island, she'll sell the Goodread edition of Mollie Gillen's *The Wheel of Things: Lucy Maud Montgomery*. In New Brunswick, she'll sell Ray Fraser's *The Fighting Fisherman: Yvon Durelle*. Indeed, come spring, she'll have nearly 40 Goodread books to offer.

They'll include volumes about E.P. Taylor, Louis Riel, Stephen Leacock, Tommy Douglas, Punch Imlach, Wilder Penfield, Henry Morgentaler, Hugh MacLennan, Raymond Massey, about lives spent behind bars, years spent behind barbed wire, about espionage, the Arctic, and the Second World War. Along with Gillen's book on Lucy Maud Montgomery, an early best-seller in the Goodread series was Douglas Harvey's racy recollections of a Canadian bomber crew, *Boys, Bombs and Brussels Sprouts*. Goodread has what a TV football commentator might call

"good speed." Lorimer came up with the idea only last year. By October, there were 23 Goodread books in print; this spring there'll be 16 more.

Lorimer, moreover, is still a partner in James Lorimer & Company (the other partner is Catherine Wilson, Toronto), publisher of kids' books, cookbooks, and books about Canada's politics, economy, history and problems. Two of the company's current successes are Heather Robertson's *Willie*, fiction built round the life of William Lyon MacKenzie King, and *Voyage of the Iceberg* by government scientist Richard Brown of Dartmouth (see Environment, February). James Lorimer & Company, however, is primarily an issue-oriented press. For every *Mennonite Furniture*, *Billy Higgins Rides the Freights* or *Apples, Peaches & Pears* that it publishes, it also publishes a *Beyond the Monetarists*, a *Canada's Crippled Dollar*, an *Anatomy of Big Business*.

The company's authors include a passel of pros and, naturally, Lorimer himself. With six titles, he leads the pack. His first book, *The Real World of City Politics*, appeared in 1970, shortly after he founded his publishing house. He also wrote *A Citizen's Guide to City Politics* (1972), and *The Developers* (1978), perhaps his best book. With MacGregor, he later edited *After the Developers*.

They run Formac from cramped quarters in an elderly building on Bar-



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rington Street. Their office looks as though someone has opened a window to welcome a blizzard off the harbor, but they seem not only to know what they're doing but also to like what they're doing. They have the manner of happy builders.

Lorimer may well know more about the book-reading habits of English-speaking Canadians than anyone else in the country. He was the principal researcher for *Book Reading in Canada* (1983), commissioned by the Association of Canadian Publishers, funded by the federal Department of Communications, and based on what he described as "an enormous collection of data on book reading gathered in a survey of 16,000 randomly selected Canadians by Statistics Canada." He decided, "the survey data indicate how dramatically successful Canadian books now are with the public in this country." But he also deduced from the survey that there was a market for affordable paperbacks about Canadians, and his insight led to Goodread Biographies.

If he's the expert on national book-buying habits, it's MacGregor's sorties that teach them about selling books in a region with a scattered population and few bookstores. Formac was doomed before they took it over but, he says, her sales effort on its behalf is "a wonderful opportunity to find out — on the basis of someone else's failure — how to succeed." How to succeed as an Atlantic Canadian publisher may well lie in marrying trade publishing to educational publishing; and Formac, with allies in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, already has plans in that regard. If Maritime book publishing ever does take off, MacGregor and Lorimer will be part of it. They have energy, enthusiasm, smarts and, yes, charm. He doesn't seem at all fiendish these days. Indeed, he gives every appearance of being, well, *nice*. **C**

CITYFORUM

Have martini, will visit

As a longtime martini addict, I confirm The Guzzler's high rating for Henry House and La Scala. ("I Must Get Out of These Wet Clothes and into a Dry Martini", *CityStyle*, January). I haven't tried the Newsroom or Teddy's but I can recommend the Dresden Arms. For out of town expertise, I give high marks to the Heather at Stellarton and the lounge at the Sydney airport and the Rope Loft, Chester. Since reading your article, I have tried washing ice cubes in vermouth and adding a drop of scotch, both of which seem to enhance the flavor. I recall Somerset Maugham (I

believe in *Summing Up*) recounting a ritual followed when he lived on the Riviera. Finding that most of his hosts and hostesses couldn't make a good martini, he always took his own in a small jar when he was invited out. He said that he felt his added enjoyment outweighed any embarrassment or injured feelings on their part. I have followed this practice with some local neighbors who, being mostly scotch and rum drinkers, don't take me seriously when I produce my jar of martini so I don't offer to share the contents.

Keith Eaton
Chester Basin, N.S.

No seasoning in this café

After reading your article *A Café for All Seasons* in the December issue of *CityStyle*, I felt compelled to air my concern about the lack of decent restaurants in this city. I have been to Le Bistro on three different occasions, all of them with friends. Each time I found the food and service consistently poor; in fact, I felt I shouldn't have paid. The waitresses were slow — almost incompetent. The menu items ordered were presented well, but had little or no flavor: The steamed mus-

sels were gritty; the chicken crêpe, which certainly had potential with almonds and oranges, lacked any hint of spice; the hamburger was absolutely bland; and the escargot was the worst I've ever tasted. I did in fact complain at the time of our last visit, but I got no satisfaction. The waitress shrugged her shoulders, walked away and left me in mid-sentence. The review seems to place all the emphasis on the decor, the waitress with the long brown ponytail (what has hair got to do with the review anyway?) and details of their uniform. Who cares about the fact that you get "your very own candle, melted into layers of what looks like a galactic ice castle, in its very own small Perrier bottle"? Restaurants have been putting candles into empty bottles for years; it's cheap. You even admit that the food is consistently good, not great, that you have to give specific orders in order to be served hot soup, but over-all, the review tends to give Le Bistro a high rating. As long as reviews like the one mentioned above continue to be published, the general public of Halifax will continue to be brainwashed into believing that restaurants like Le Bistro are above average in service, food selection and atmosphere/decors.

R. McLeod
Halifax, N.S.

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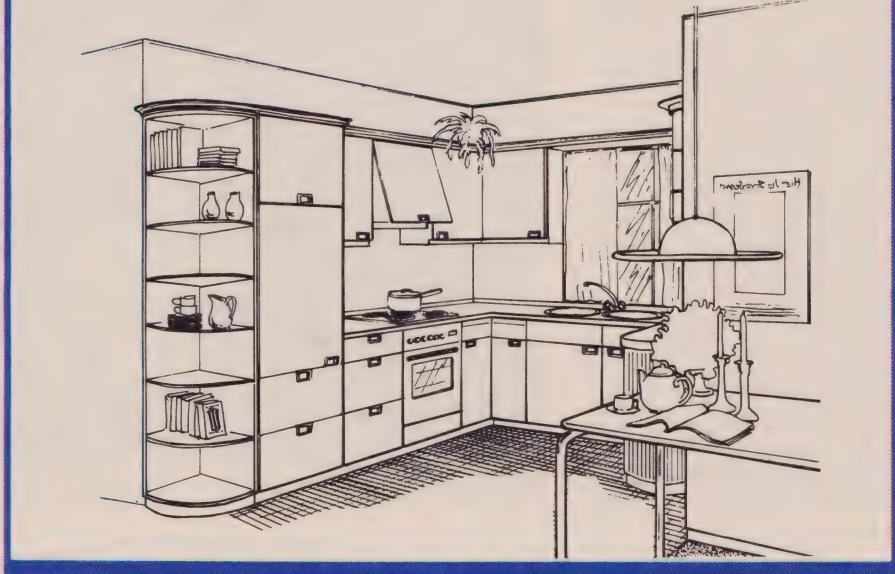
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The little kids' place that grew

Sixteen years old this month, St. Joseph's Children's Centre is the largest day-care facility in metro and a fun place for kids to be

By Marilyn MacDonald

It's just after 1 p.m., nap-time at St. Joseph's Children's Centre on Hollis Street. In the darkened room, some kids are sound asleep, curled up on mats on the floor. A few are awake. A recorded male voice, telling a story, is a soothing background to their chatter and to the slumber of other little ones. The room smells of kids, a blended diffusion of milk, hair and sticky fingers.

In a brightly lit room outside, whose visual focus is the cage-like remnant of the building's antiquated elevator, an eager little boy named Justin is making peanut butter balls, helped by a dark-haired young teacher. You couldn't call the room cosy. But it's cheerful in spite of itself, gay with pictures, blocks, kids' gear. Lofts with small tables and chairs stretch around the room. And in another room, perched on little chairs around a little table, Sue Wolstenholme and Anna Keefe have time to talk for a few minutes.

Wolstenholme is executive director, Keefe a teacher and lecturer at St. Joseph's. Sixteen years ago this month, the Centre opened in a former orphanage on Quinpool Road. Today, it has 250 kids, 36 teachers and four locations: The one we're in, down in the basement of the old Maritime Tel & Tel building on Hollis Street, and others in Quinpool Court, St. Patrick's School on Brunswick Street and Clayton Park. It is the

largest day care centre in Metro and the second oldest. (Only the Jost Mission, founded in the 1920s, is more venerable.) It also operates its own 10-month training course for 35 students and provides a place where 15 more student teachers from the Nova Scotia Teachers College's two-year course and Mount Saint Vincent University's four-year bachelor's degree program in child development can do their practical internships.

Wolstenholme and Keefe are at home with the academic language of child development: Montessori and the Waldorf method ripple off their tongues easily. Yet neither started out to become child care specialists. Wolstenholme, who comes from Moncton, got interested when her daughter, now 21, reached an age when she was "ready to go" to a day-care centre — if a good one could have been found. Keefe, of Halifax, whose sons are now 16 and 10 became involved for the same reason. Both have

added academic underpinning to natural interest since then. Wolstenholme is finishing a master's degree at Dalhousie University. Keefe picked up a degree in early childhood education from the University of Toronto.

These are not women you talk to about day care as a mere baby sitting service for busy parents. Committed in a no-nonsense, totally earnest way, they're low-key cheerleaders for the right of all children to a happy, healthy learning environment.

But why can't parents provide this?

Wolstenholme draws a clear distinction between what parents can — and should — provide and what a child care centre can contribute.

"Some people are intuitively good child rearers," she says. "Emotions, love, care, those are all part of parenting. But children have development needs too, and parents don't always know how or don't have time to

look after those things."

Kids need other kids and in today's smaller families those needs often aren't met by brothers and sisters. Over 50% of the children at St. Joseph's come from single-child homes. Pressures on parents — divorce or separation, no other kids around, the need or desire to work outside the home — all make good child care facilities "pretty important" to Wolstenholme, "especially in the era that pre-schoolers today are going to be living in."

Parents can drop children off at the Centre's locations as early as 7:30 a.m. and pick them up at 5:30 p.m. The cost per child is \$62.50 a week or \$3,000 a year which can be subsidized by the provincial government on a scale that takes into consideration such things as the size of the family, marital status of the parent and whether the parents are working. With the subsidy, the least a family could expect to pay is \$14.25 per child per week.



Wolstenholme: Cheerleader for right of all children to a happy, healthy learning environment

PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE

Non-profit and non-denominational, St. Joseph's emphasizes the Montessori approach, a program pioneered in Italy in the early 20th century by Maria Montessori, which helps children develop learning abilities through basic skills. Mastering buttons and zippers is part of it. So is keeping clean. "Children like order," Wolstenholme says, "and they know best what they need."

This year the Centre started a new morning program at the Hollis Street location for children 2 1/2 to five years old, under Keefe's direction. Through play rather than formal teaching, she says, the program aims to bring kids in touch with "elements in their environment with which they may not be familiar."

Forays into the natural world may uncover treasures from Point Pleasant Park which kids can bring back to the Centre and arrange in their own way. Trips to the waterfront, almost at the Centre's doorstep, can mean getting the feel of everything from oil rigs and pilot boats to puddles and fog.

St. Joseph's is also in the vanguard of a much debated area: How to provide good nutrition for kids. Wolstenholme is a devout supporter of the latest theories which discourage over-use of red meats as well as fats, sugar, salt and processed foods.

Kids' lunches are prepared at the Brunswick Street centre and delivered to the other locations in a donated van driven by one of the workers. The idea is to make kids like wholesome meals and snacks by providing lots of them and prohibiting junk, both at the Centre and on any of its outings. Wolstenholme swears it works.

Staples are natural foods, whole grains, vegetables, fresh fruit and juices with no sugar added, dairy products such as



Keefe, teacher and lecturer, didn't start out to be a child care specialist

yogurt, cheese and milk.

A lunch could consist of scalloped cheese and corn, a salad combining chick peas, lima and green beans, whole wheat bread, apples and milk. Or meatballs in tomato sauce, brown rice, spinach-sprout salad, grapes and milk. Teachers and kids eat together and children often help make the snacks. The Centre even has a mimeographed booklet of sample menus and recipes and advice on where to buy ingredients.

Unlike other critics of the system, and in spite of the fact that less than 5% of the children of working parents are in licensed day care centres, Wolstenholme says she

sees "great improvement" in the province's day-care facilities. Recently, the provincial government announced it would require that one-third of the staffs of day-care centres be formally trained by 1985. Two-thirds, Wolstenholme says, is the next objective. But although that may benefit children who attend the centres, trained workers remain an unofficial subsidy to the whole system. A child care worker who graduates from St. Joseph's 10-month course, which includes training in such things as learning theories, Montessori, language, arts and music, health and safety, legal responsibilities and nutrition, can look

forward to a 40-hour-a-week job at a salary of \$11,000 a year.

The rules for granting subsidies to parents with children in day care also hit specially hard at certain income groups. For families with an annual income in the \$15,000-\$25,000 range, Wolstenholme says, "the day care cost is exorbitant." Yet, she claims to see "a very slow, slight trend" toward more government involvement in underwriting day-care costs.

There's a light snow falling out on Hollis Street and inside a sense more than a sound of things beginning to stir. Justin offers a fresh peanut butter ball. It was good.



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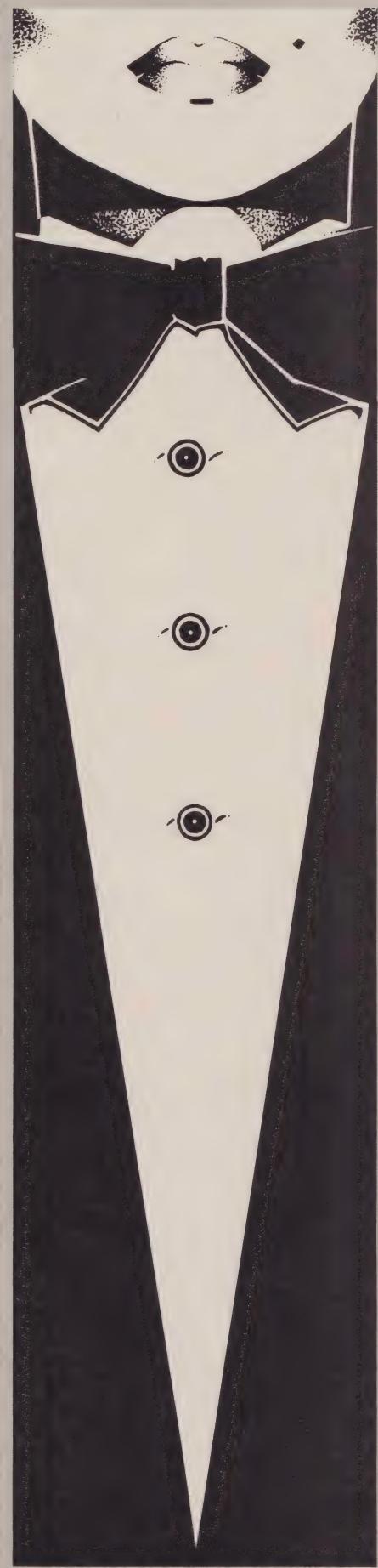
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GADABOUT

ART GALLERIES

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. To Mar. 19, all three galleries: *Quebec Art* Now profiles 10 significant Quebec artists. Mar. 22-April 30, **Mezzanine Gallery:** An exhibition of serigraphs by Nova Scotia artist Rod Malay. Second Floor Gallery: A retrospective of Queen's County, Nova Scotia, wood carver Charlie Tanner. The exhibit will also include photographs by artist Peter Barss. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12-5:30 p.m.

Mount Saint Vincent University Gallery. To Mar. 8, Downstairs: *Shipibo-Central American*. This is an exhibition of works by the Upper Amazon tribe, the Shipibo, put together by James Felter, director of the Simon Fraser University Art Gallery in British Columbia. Upstairs: *James Felter*. This show features works by Felter, who uses the geometry and design of the Shipibo. Mar. 15-April 8, Downstairs: *The Cult of the Personality* is an exhibit of portraits by Toronto artist Lynn Donoghue. Upstairs: The Gallery's exhibitions officer, Sandy Miller, has put together *Rags*, an exhibition featuring fabrics and clothing by Nova Scotia designers. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues., till 9 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 12-5 p.m.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. Mar. 1-April 8: *The 7th Dalhousie Drawing Exhibition: Actual Size*. This is an exhibition of contemporary work by seven Canadian and American artists, guest-curated by Robert Berlind. The artists are Mira Schor, William Tucker, Richards Jarden, John McEwen, Paterson Ewen, Eric Fischl and Medrie MacPhee. *Sobey Collections: Part V*: The final exhibit in this series features the work of three Canadian landscape painters, Emily Carr, James Morrice and David Milne. Dalhousie campus, 424-2403. Hours: Tues., 11 a.m.-5 p.m., 7-10 p.m.; Wed.-Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.

Saint Mary's University Art Gallery. To Mar. 18: An exhibition of paintings by Austrian-born artist Edgar Neogy-Tezak. Mar. 28-April 19: *Reading Room*. This exhibit by Bruce Barber deals with advocacy advertising. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. Col-

lege of Art and Design).

To Mar. 16, **Gallery One:** An exhibition of paintings by British feminist artist Margaret Harrison. Mar. 5-10, **Gallery Two:** Students' print-making exhibit. **Gallery Three:** Tom Folland exhibition (Opening, Mar. 5, 8 p.m.). Mar. 12-17, **Gallery Two:** John Greer sculptures exhibit. **Gallery Three:** Gary Kennedy's studio class show (Opening, Mar. 12, 8 p.m.). Mar. 19-31, **Gallery One:** Photos from the collection of Frances Coutelier. Mar. 19-24, **Gallery Two:** MacBeth posters exhibit by the Visual Communications class. **Gallery Three:** Genny Killin and Darlene Levy paintings exhibition (Opening, Mar. 19, 8 p.m.). Mar. 26-31, **Galleries Two and Three:** Robert Moore's MFA exhibit. 1889 Granville Street, 422-7381. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 5-9 p.m.

Centre for Art Tapes. To Mar. 10: *The 5th Annual Audio by Artists Festival*. The festival, held in conjunction with the Eye Level Gallery, features performances by various artists. Mar. 3: Composer-performers Steve Tittle and Richard Gibson. Mar. 4: Clancy Dennehy and Don Lander, and Mark Clifford and Beth Bartley perform duets. Mar. 9: Ihor Holubinsky and *The Palace at 4 a.m.* For locations, call the Centre for Art Tapes, 429-7299, or Eye Level Gallery, 425-6412. Also, Mar. 28: An exhibit of audio installations, or sound sculptures. CFAT, 2156 Brunswick Street.

Eye Level Gallery. Mar. 1: John Murchie discusses American composer Charles Ives. Mar. 27: A display of artist-produced records and tapes from the N.S. College of Art and Design. 1585 Barrington Street.

CLUB DATES

The Ice House Lounge, 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. To Mar. 3: *Riser*. Mar. 5-10: *Mad Hash*. Mar. 12-17: TBA. Mar. 19-24: *Tense*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m., Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.

Little Nashville, 44 Alderney Drive, Dartmouth. All country. To Mar. 4: *Whiskey Fever*. Mar. 5-11: *Dynasty*. Mar. 12-18: *Morn'n Sun*. Mar. 19-25: *Gold Strikers*. Mar. 26-April 1: *County Line* with Eric McRoberts. Hours: Every night, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.

Lord Nelson Beverage Room, 5675 Spring Garden Road. To Mar. 3: *Driftwood*. Mar. 5-10: *McGinty*. Mar. 12-17:



Miller's Jug. Mar. 19-24: *McGinty*. Mar. 26-31: *Garrison Brothers*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m. **The Network Lounge**, 1546 Dresden Row. To Mar. 3: *Fat Shadow*. Mar. 5-10: *Lightening Rod*. Mar. 12-14: *The Business*. Mar. 15-17: *Quadrant*. Mar. 19-24: *The White*. Mar. 26-28: *The X-Men*. Mar. 29-31: *Deverau*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 12 p.m.-2 a.m. **Peddlar's Pub**, Lower level of Delta Barrington Hotel. To Mar. 3: *Arma-geddon*. Mar. 5-10: *Vendetta*. Mar. 12-17: *Rox*. Mar. 19-24: *The Aviators*. Mar. 26-31: *Mainstreet*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m. **Privateers' Warehouse**, Historic pro-

perties. Middle Deck, Mar. 5-10, 12-17: *Mason Chapman Band*. Mar. 19-24; 26-31: *The Backbeats*. Hours: Lower Deck, Mon.-Wed., 11:30 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11:30-12 a.m. Middle Deck, 11:30-2:30 a.m. **Teddy's**, piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To Mar. 31: George Johnston. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9-1 a.m. Happy hour, 5-7 p.m. **The Village Gate**, 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. To Mar. 3: *Vendetta*. Mar. 8-10: *Intro*. Mar. 15-17: Bryan Jones. Mar. 22-24: *Mainstreet*. Mar. 29-31: *Tense*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10-12:30 a.m.

MUSEUMS

Dartmouth Heritage Museum. In the Gallery, to Mar. 12: An exhibit of works by Bernadette Vincent, Dartmouth. Mar. 12-April 1: Works by Sackville photographer John Betlem. 100 Wyse Road, 421-2300. Hours: Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 1-5 p.m.; Wed., 1-5 p.m. & 6-9 p.m.; Sun., 2-5 p.m. **Nova Scotia Museum.** To Mar. 25: *The Creative Tradition: Indian Handicrafts and the Tourist Arts*. This travelling exhibit from the Provincial Museum of Alberta shows how the art and tools of the Indians of the subarctic and northern plains changed when they came in contact with European materials and culture. 1747 Summer St., 429-4610.

THEATRE
Neptune Theatre. Mar. 1-4, 6-11, 13-18: *Mass Appeal*. The head to heart combat between Father Tim, a traditional parish priest, and Mark Dolson, a young seminarian burning with idealism, makes this a hilarious and passionate play. A Broadway hit by Bill C. Davis. March 30, 31: *Present Laughter*. Described as Noel Coward's greatest comedy, this play was just recently revived on Broadway. Garry Essendine, a popular and pampered actor whose life is continually complicated by his many admirers, is in hot water when the many women from his past, present and future appear on the scene. 1593 Argyle Street. For tickets and times, call 429-7300.



MOVIES

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Dalhousie Arts Centre. Mar. 4: *Prince of the City*, David Cronenberg's relentless and terrifying movie with Treat Williams. 1982. Mar. 11: *Night of the Shooting Stars*. Directors Paolo and Vittorio Taviani have created a haunting film about the mischances of a group of Italian peasants fleeing their village at the end of the Second World War. 1982, Italian with English subtitles. Mar. 18: *Return of Martin Guerre*. This winner of three French Academy Awards is the true story of a 16th century boy who disappears shortly after his marriage to the daughter of a prominent villager and the birth of their son, and then returns a changed man. The question of his identity ended in a court case that scandalized France. Directed by Daniel Vigne. 1983, French with English subtitles. Mar. 25: *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*. Director Lewis John Carlin's masterful adaptation of Mishima's novel in which a man betrays his soul for the love of a woman, and must pay the price, is a passionate study of self-deception. Stars Kris Kristofferson and Sarah Miles, 1976. **Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema.** 1588 Barrington St., Bean Sprout Bldg. Mar. 2-4: *Tout Une Nuit*. An experimental film by leading



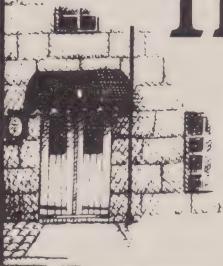
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CITYSTYLE



feminist filmmaker Chantal Ackerman. Mar. 5, 6: *Cabiria*, the first great silent film epic. Mar. 7, 8: *In Celebration of Women*. In recognition of International Women's Day, the Cinema is holding two days of films devoted to women's issues. Mar. 9-11: *Citizen Kane*. Director Orson Welles' classic. Mar. 12-18: *1983 Cannes/Venice Advertising Awards*. The world's best commercials. Mar. 19-22: *Gone With the Wind*. Gable and Leigh star in this beloved adaptation of Margaret Mitchell's novel. Mar. 23-29: *From Russia with Love* and *Goldfinger*. A James Bond double bill. Mar. 30-April 5: *Danton*. A study of the French Revolution by renowned Polish director Andrzej Wajda. For tickets and times, call 422-3700.

IN CONCERT

Symphony Nova Scotia. Main Series — Mar. 6: All Beethoven program. Mar. 31: TBA. Pops Series — Mar. 23: The Symphony performs with award-winning Canadian composer, arranger and pianist, Hagood Hardy. Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. For tickets and times, call 421-7311.

Halifax Chamber Musicians. Mar. 4: The group presents Mozart, Sonata in B flat major for violin and piano; Glick, Suite Hebraique for clarinet, string trio and piano; Prokofiev, Overture on Hebrew Themes for clarinet, piano and string quartet; Shostakovich, Piano quintet in G minor. 8 p.m., Saint Mary's University Art Gallery, SMU campus. For information, call 429-9780.



Dalhousie Chorale. Mar. 21: The Chorale's annual oratorio performance this year features Handel's epic oratorio *Israel in Egypt*. The 140-voice choir will sing under the direction of Dr. Walter Kemp and will be accompanied by the Dalhousie Chamber Orchestra. 8 p.m., St. Paul's Church, Grand Parade. For information, call Dalhousie Department of Music, 424-2418.

Dalhousie Chamber Choir. Mar. 24: Melva Treffinger Graham conducts this award-winning 25-voice choir at the first Baptist Church, 1300 Oxford Street. The Acadia Vocal Ensemble will also perform. For information, call 424-2418.

Sequentia. Mar. 9: This Boston-based early music group performs their *Love and Lamentation in Mediaeval France* program. The works, circa 1200, include pieces from the world of the trouvères, the clerics and intellectuals of Parisian university and cathedral circles; death laments (planctus) for princes; Abelard's masterpiece, *David's Lament on the Deaths of Saul and Jonathon* (from a manuscript in the Vatican library); political invective from court and church; and music of the Parisian minstrels. 8 p.m., Canadian Martyrs' Church, 5900 Inglis St. For information, call, 429-5610.



Dalhousie Arts Centre. Appearing in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Mar. 9: Liona Boyd, Canada's acclaimed classical guitarist. Mar. 14: The *Elmer Iseler Singers*, choral music. Mar. 16, 17: André Gagnon. This dazzling Canadian pianist pleases classical and pop fans alike. Mar. 21: *The Chieftains*, traditional Irish music group. Mar. 24: Stan Getz, jazz musician. Mar. 29: Rita MacNeil. This Cape Breton native performs powerful folk music. Mar. 30: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. All performances at 8 p.m. For information, call 242-2298.

PLUS...

Atlantic Ballet Company. Mar. 1, 2: The company performs at the Dalhousie Arts Centre. For information, call 425-8848.

Ice Capades. Mar. 6-11: This popular skating troupe performs at the Metro Centre, 5284 Duke Street. For information, call 421-8000.

Halcon 7. Mar. 9-11: Atlantic Canada's only major science fiction and fantasy conference features S-F writers C.J. Cherryh and Elizabeth Pearse, and includes an art show, auction, banquet and dance. Toastmaster is Hal Clement. For information, call 443-8478.

SPORTS

Hockey. Mar.: Metro Valley Junior, Nova Scotia Senior, and Triple A Midget playoffs. Mar. 12, 13, 14: Dartmouth Minor Hockey tournament. Mar. 15, 16: Cole Harbour/Bel Ayr Hockey tournament. Dartmouth Sportsplex, 110 Wyse Road. For information call, 421-2600.

Broomball. Mar. 30-Apr. 1: Atlantic Broomball Championships. Dartmouth Sportsplex. For information, call Sport Nova Scotia, 425-5450.

Squash. Mar. 2-4: Burnside Athletic Club Invitational. 30 Akerley Blvd., Dartmouth. For information, call 425-5450. C



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THE ATLANTIC SOCIETY

Learning from Sam Johnson's twitch

Not to mention Dostoyevsky's epilepsy and Jefferson's migraines. For Halifax physician Jock Murray, the ailments of famous, long-dead patients provide a key to today's baffling diseases

Some of the patients Halifax doctor Jock Murray diagnoses aren't covered by Nova Scotia medical insurance: They never lived in the province — and they've been dead for more than 100 years. That doesn't stop Murray, one of Canada's top nerve disorder specialists, from examining the complaints of people such as third U.S. president Thomas Jefferson, writers Lewis Carroll and Fyodor Dostoyevsky and 18th-century critic Samuel Johnson. Murray has studied the Russian author's epilepsy, discovered the American patriot experienced "an unusual form of headache called cluster migraine" and diagnosed Johnson as a nearsighted manic-depressive who twitched compulsively and suffered from gout, arthritis, emphysema and heart failure. All this is just a sideline to Murray's medical career. But he says looking into the past helps him with his main job — searching for new treatments and cures for complex diseases.

As director of Dalhousie University's Multiple Sclerosis Research Unit, Murray, a youthful and energetic 44-year-old, is trying to find ways of better recognizing and managing MS, an incurable but treatable disease that affects the nervous system and causes a breakdown in muscle control. MS usually hits young adults; although many patients recover completely from the initial attack, a few suffer progressively worsening impairment of co-ordination, eyesight and other functions. No cause is known for MS.

For some unknown reason, the Atlantic provinces are high-risk areas for the disease — an estimated one of every 1,000 residents in the region is afflicted. To learn more about the incidence of the disease here, the Multiple Sclerosis Society of Canada began the Dalhousie research project in 1980. MS officials now feel the Halifax facility is one of the most productive and best run of 14 across the country. "The reason I think we're felt to be efficient is that we've organized the clinic to sponsor and foster a fair amount of research," Murray says. "With 600 [MS] patients that we follow regularly, we encourage a lot of people in various departments to develop different research programs in MS." Ongoing work includes documenting the number of MS cases in Nova Scotia, examining how MS affects the family and studying new drugs to manage the disease symptoms. Last year, the MS Society gave Murray and his unit \$130,000 for their work; millions of dollars from other sources went to related

work at Camp Hill Hospital, the Halifax Infirmary, the Victoria General Hospital and Dalhousie medical school.

But not a penny for research comes from the Nova Scotia government, a fact that clearly irks Murray. "We don't get any support at all from the province to do studies of provincial health matters," he says. "We're one of the few, if not the only province, that does not have funds for medical research."

Multiple sclerosis is just one of Murray's interests. He's investigated stuttering and sleepwalking, leprosy and Lou Gehrig's disease, old age and computerized teaching. He's also helped write six textbooks, and he sits on the board of governors of St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S., and on two dozen other professional committees.

And he's no slouch during his leisure time. He's now training for this spring's Boston Marathon, hoping to finish the



Murray: Looking for medical clues in the past

26-mile race in under three hours and 14 minutes, his current personal best. "I find time for all those things," says the dark, curly-haired physician during a rare reflective moment. "You can find time for anything if you want to."

Murray's background reflects his varied interests. As one of 10 children born to a Halifax family, Thomas John Murray originally planned to be an artist. Because he was also fascinated by science, he was attracted to medical art, the detailed illustrations in books such as anatomy volumes. "I thought medical art would be a good combination of art and science," he recalls. But the pull of medicine proved stronger. Graduating

from St. FX in 1958, he entered pre-med studies at Dal, earning his MD and three internship prizes there in 1963. Murray began his medical career as a general practitioner outside Fredericton. He studied more in Halifax, London, England, and Toronto, then returned to Dal medical school in 1969 as a lecturer.

He remains "a sweet fellow and brilliant," according to a medical colleague, but Murray says doctors shouldn't be overly admired for what they do. "In many situations it's really the patient's responsibility to make themselves better. We can tell them what to do, but the illness belongs to the patient, not the physician. You have a right to understand the illness so you can make decisions and deal with the problem [but] it's not my responsibility to take your pills or lose your weight."

Murray does think it's every doctor's job to "answer questions about patients and medicine." Failing that, today's MDs "will quickly revert to a rather primitive state of knowledge, and we will function as physicians did 100 years ago, without thinking and without questioning. That is very easy to slip into."

His glimpses into the medical histories of famous people provide his proof. While researching the life of Thomas Jefferson, Murray discovered the American statesman cautioned 19th-century doctors against vanity, ignorance and overusing questionable treatments. As Murray observes in an article he wrote for the *Nova Scotia Medical Bulletin*: "Jefferson, as a layman . . . could pinpoint major dangers in the approach of physicians which continue as major criticisms today."

Murray believes Jefferson's concerns are apt, as is Sam Johnson's belief that doctors should tell their patients the truth. The 18th-century Englishman once wrote: "I deny the lawfulness of telling a lie to a sick man for fear of alarming him. You have no business with consequences, you are to tell him the truth."

From his diagnoses of ailments suffered by Johnson and others, Murray also gets practical information. By discovering how doctors a century or two ago diagnosed and treated illnesses, and by making his own diagnoses on the basis of recorded symptoms, he learns something about medical research in the past, and how advances in medical knowledge can take place today.

Murray keeps a constant reminder of such ideas in his campus office. Besides the usual contents of a doctor's bookcase, his office contains a portrait of Samuel Johnson and biographies of famous people Murray has studied. It's his way of listening to voices from the past while working toward the future.

— John Mason

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How many seals are too many?

Supposedly in danger of extinction, they're actually increasing rapidly. Short of demanding that seal lovers in Paris and London come and pick up their pets, what's the solution?

March. The ice breaks and, usually, the seal hunt begins — or, more specifically, the seal hunt controversy. This year there's a new twist. There's not much of a seal pup hunt, but still there's a controversy.

You may have been baffled earlier this winter to learn that the International Fund for Animal Welfare was launching a campaign of more than \$1 million in Britain, aimed at boycotting Canadian fish products unless the seal hunt ended. Since the European Economic Community has already all but ended it by banning the import of seal pup furs, this campaign seems peculiar, to say the least.

To those familiar with these shores, it seems all the more peculiar because seals — supposedly in danger of extinction — are increasing in numbers, in some cases dramatically.

One would have thought that Brian Davies and the Fund would have proclaimed victory, cracked the champagne and *pâté de foie gras*, whooped it up and moved on to more needy causes, perhaps raising a scream at the European practice of force-feeding geese whose bloated livers make *pâté de foie gras*.

You may have suspected as much already, but the British campaign seems to confirm that the neediness of causes is not what motivates the Fund for Animal Welfare. The need to protest is mostly gone, but there are apparently still pence, pfennings and centimes to be extracted from schoolchildren with tales of human dragons bludgeoning furry innocents and more substantial sums from a vast body of strangely emotional adults.

We need not be surprised that where there's a buck to be made, in whatever manner, someone will be there to make it. What is surprising is the extent and persistence of this question of seals. Even if we take into account that the publics of Europe and North America have been misled by rank tear-jerking campaigns, that the Canadian government has fanned the flames of publicity at times by overreacting and that the clubbing of baby seals is an activity that easily evokes protest, the sheer emotional frenzy that surrounds this issue is still not explained. There's more.

Anti-sealing is an escapist issue in a world full of truly real and dangerous issues. Facts have little impact because avoidance of reality is part of the exercise. Seals have become the focus of a

fluffy mindset that spun off early from the sober mainstream of the environmental movement. Back in the 1960s, the now-defunct American left-wing magazine *Ramparts* ran a few pages of environmentalist art that presented a frankly escapist and idealized view of nature and bespoke a dreamy hankering for a world untouched by human beings. Oddly, the magazine also ran an editorial warning that although this stuff was part of the environmental cause, it also represented a dangerous tendency to flutter off into unreality that the movement should guard against.

Since then, fluttering off into unreality has made large strides forward, even triumphed. The more people are removed from nature, it seems, the more they tend to idealize it and the more

"Anti-sealing is an escapist issue in a world full of truly real and dangerous issues. Facts have little impact because avoidance of reality is part of the exercise"

vulnerable they are to masterful emotional manipulations such as those practised by the Fund for Animal Welfare. Thus, with nuclear arms bristling and war and starvation rampant, some people can still convince themselves that the key to a better world is to keep seals out of the clutches of Newfoundlanders.

Even when measured against real issues of wildlife preservation, the seal uproar is notoriously beside the point. If dozens of species of plants and animals go extinct every year, as conservationists claim, where is the logic in concentrating all attention on one species that is thriving?

Indeed, what's happening to the seal herds is the most interesting part of the whole issue. The original anti-sealing argument was that the seals were in danger of extinction. Anti-sealing activists

pointed to the harp and hood seals that were killed as pups. Hunting pressure may, in fact, have been excessive at one time. But quotas were cut back, and the extinction argument took on a new tack.

The harps and hoods may be OK for now, it went, but the harbor and grey seals are nearing the abyss, and this is the forerunner of what will happen to all seals if these maniacal Atlantic Canadians are not stopped. Farley Mowat, who has been quoted by other writers as an authority, declared the harbor seals virtually extinct several times.

I don't know whether this will make Farley happy or embarrassed, but harbor seals are now crawling about all over the place after a bounty on them was removed in 1972. I have seen more than a dozen seals at a glance in places where the sighting of one had been a rarity for decades.

And the grey seals, too, are more in evidence. Fishermen are complaining that traps and fish pounds are being damaged by greys, which can grow to half a ton. Fisheries officials say their numbers are increasing rapidly. Gilles Theriault, executive head of the Maritime Fishermen's Union, pointed out this concern earlier this winter but said fishermen would not complain for fear of raising a ruckus from conservationists.

This has been the pattern for some time. While the conservationists were warning of diminishing herds, fishermen and fisheries officials were so skittish about seal-saving protests that they didn't dare touch a hair on a seal's head, and so the herds were actually increasing.

So the real question is not whether seals will become extinct, but rather how many seals are too many. I don't know the answer to that. Perhaps they will level off naturally. But more likely they'll increase considerably yet, along with fishermen's complaints.

Short of demanding that all seal lovers in Paris and London come and pick up their pets, what's the solution?

Since the hunt for seal pups is doomed anyway, my suggestion is that the federal government formally ban it (and compensate the fishermen; it was getting to cost more to patrol for protesters than the hunt was worth). That, at last, might make an impression in Europe and take the wind out of the sails of the Fund for Animal Welfare. The culling of seal herds, when and if that's judged necessary, could perhaps then take place without half of Europe going berserk.



Strangers from a secret land

They're the Welsh, the smallest group of British immigrants who settled in Atlantic Canada, and their story will be told in a book due out this year

By John Mason

When Peter Thomas took a chance stroll through a Fredericton graveyard seven years ago, he didn't realize he was stepping into a little known chapter of Maritime history. "I just stumbled on this cemetery that was full of Welsh names. It was enough to excite me," says Thomas, who was raised in Wales and now teaches English at the University of New Brunswick. That walk past tombstones inscribed with names such as Evans, Jones, Thomas and Lewis began a "personal quest" for Thomas, an attempt to learn why a group of Welsh-speaking men, women and children left their homes on the west coast of Britain more than 150 years ago and came to the wilds of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. "No one's done this work before," says Thomas, 44, who arrived in Canada from Wales in 1966. His fascination with early Welsh life in the two provinces led him to write a book, *Strangers from a Secret Land*, due out in the fall. He also plans to talk about his discoveries at this summer's Atlantic Canada Institute course on Celtic immigration.

Only a handful of Welsh ever made the hazardous, 3,000-nautical-mile trip to British North America in the early 1800s — a time which saw a flood of emigration from the United Kingdom and Ireland due to an economic depression and crop failures in Europe. Most of the Welsh arrived in the Maritimes in 1818 and 1819, an early ripple in the tidal wave of newcomers. Nova Scotia records show more than 37,000 people from the British Isles landed in the province from 1815 to 1838, only 228 of them Welsh. The reason so few arrived isn't clear. Some say any Welsh native who wanted to get away from the high taxes, scandalous working conditions and restrictions on politics and religion at home had already gone, attracted to the freedoms of Pennsylvania in the 1680s. Others suggest the expensive transatlantic fares of the early 1800s discouraged dissenters.

The first Welsh in New Brunswick arrived in Saint John aboard the brig *Albion* in June 1819. These 180 people from Cardigan faced initial problems with language and officials. Most travelled on to Fredericton, where they found land, a helpful surveyor and friendly townsfolk. Their happy view of New Brunswick was described in a 72-verse poem called "The Ballad of the *Albion*,"

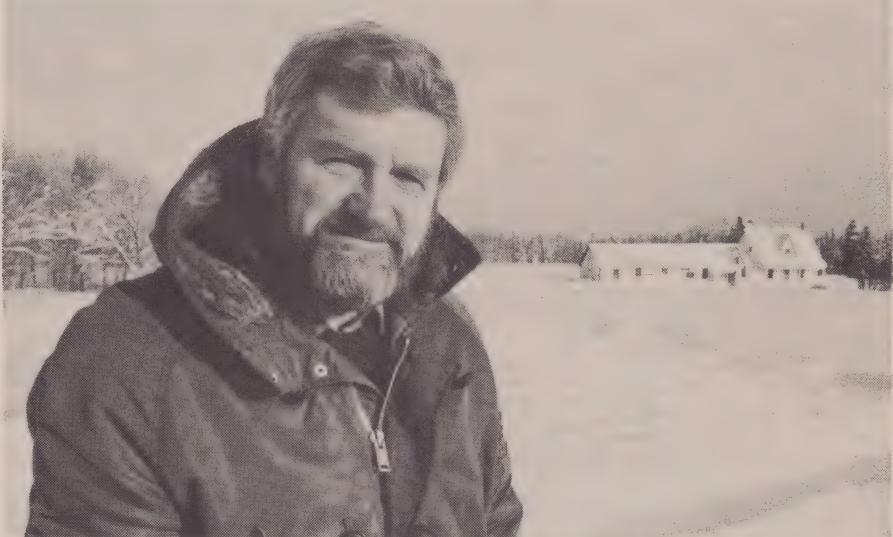
written in Welsh after their arrival. *There are no rents or taxes here,
Everyone owns his own property.
O that all the poor people in Wales
Could be here, all of them!
Which do you think is best,
To stay at home poor in Wales,
Or to come here to Columbia land
And say farewell to everyone?*

But life in the land of Columbus wasn't quite so lyrical as the poem suggests. Violet Evans, 75, of Nashwaaksis, whose ancestors were among the first Welsh immigrants, says they settled about 16 miles from Fredericton at a place they called Cardigan. "I guess there were quite a few who went out, and

remembers him singing songs to her in Welsh, though she admits "I don't remember, and I couldn't tell you what they mean."

Peter Thomas thinks Cardigan settlement was one of the last places in Canada where Welsh could be heard. "This was a community almost transplanted out of west Wales. It was definable as a group. Cardigan stayed a Welsh settlement for about 100 years. A bit of Welsh was spoken here in this century. But the population was just too small. You can't keep a language alive with so few families. Then the automobile dispersed them and that was it."

A few Welsh arrived in Prince Edward Island during the mid-1800s. William Critchlow Harris, a Welsh-speaking gentleman who came to the Island with his family in 1856, tried farming, but gave it up and started a



Thomas, chronicler of the Welsh settlers, at Welsh farm in Cardigan, N.B.

some of them died. They had such a hard winter, and [the land] was really mostly wilderness. They had to clear land, build their homes from logs, and I suppose the land was granted to them."

Her late husband, Caleb, was also a descendant of these first Welsh pioneers. She's proud that 100 acres of the original land granted to the Evanses four generations ago remains in the family name. "I have two boys, and I hope they carry it on," she says.

Violet and Caleb were born, raised and married in Cardigan and worked together for some 30 years on the family homestead. "We were happy up there," she recalls with a warm chuckle.

Her maternal grandfather, Albert Stickles, taught her to count to seven in Welsh, which she can still do. She also

pork curing business. "He's no heroic figure," says great-grandson Robert Critchlow Tuck, who has written a book about his Welsh ancestor. "They were just an isolated family from Wales that landed here. There was no great Welsh presence on the Island." Tuck, 56, an Anglican rector in Georgetown, studied theology in Wales during the 1950s, developed a "real affection" for his ancestral homeland and learned to speak a bit of the tongue-twisting language. He decided to show his roots a few years ago during a church service in Summerside by reciting the Lord's Prayer in Welsh on the feast of St. David, the patron saint of Wales. The significance was lost on the congregation. "They thought I was reading in Latin."

Cape Breton was the scene of later

DON JOHNSON

arrivals from Wales, coalminers enticed by better jobs in Canada. "The collieries in Cape Breton were in full swing and looking for experienced miners," says Joseph Davies, whose father, Joseph, arrived in New Glasgow, N.S., in 1909. "I think it was just that the work was here and they decided to come." The elder Davies spoke Welsh ("But usually just coming back and forth from church," his son remembers).

Peter Thomas says the Welsh immigrants "were regarded as superior settlers and a preferred group" by officials in the British colony. "The typical immigrant was a tradesman. There was a high proportion of craftsmen — carpenters, millwrights, tailors — judging from the passenger lists. Unlike most of the English, Irish and Scots, they had a certain amount of independence." Religion was also a factor. Thomas points out there was anti-Catholic sentiment in British North America, and with the Welsh predominantly Presbyterian, some officials thought it "preferable to have Welsh dissenters than Irish Catholics. The Welsh weren't disliked; they were better educated, and that gave them a headstart."

That headstart wasn't apparent to the first Welsh who came to the Maritimes — a group of about 100 who sailed into Halifax harbor in May, 1819. Some had smallpox and were quarantined while alarmed Haligonians were vaccinated. Following the orders of Nova Scotia's lieutenant-governor, Lord Dalhousie, about 50 Welsh immigrants travelled south to Shelburne and settled on land granted to United Empire Loyalists a generation earlier but never claimed.

Through hard work, plus government-supplied food and tools, the Welsh began a settlement about five miles north of Shelburne along the Roseway River, which became known as Welshtown. A leading citizen was John Richards, who in 1818 was 40 years old, probably the only one able to speak and write in English and head of a family with five sons and four daughters aged three to 21. The next summer about 100 more Welsh settlers arrived in Halifax; most went to the wilds of Welshtown.

Some people stayed with Richards; others drifted to the U.S. or other parts of British North America. One Welsh farmer who settled in the Shelburne area was John Harris, whose great-great-grandson, Peter Harris, was born in Shelburne and still lives there. "They did very well for themselves," the fifth-generation Harris says of his family. "In fact, three of the original families are living in Welshtown — the Harrises, the Davises and the Joneses. But other than the actual name of Welshtown itself, which now has six houses, about all that's left are fields with stone wall ruins." Harris, a title searcher, is surprised the Welsh connection in Nova Scotia isn't better known. "Even people in this area have no idea about this later

settlement of the Welsh after the Loyalists came," he says. "I don't know any folklore. They [the first Welsh pioneers] were so few in numbers, and they intermarried so quickly there's nothing really distinctive. And maybe that's why they were forgotten."

One story that lives on tells of typical Welsh thriftness. In the files of the Provincial Archives of Nova Scotia is a tale told by one woman, Charlotte Ryer, about how her Welsh aunt did the family marketing in the mid-1800s. She would walk the four or five miles into Shelburne carrying one knitted sock and, on each arm, a basket of fresh butter. On the way to town, the story goes, she knitted the second sock, so that when she

arrived in Shelburne, she had a pair of socks, plus the butter that would pay for the family's groceries.

Perhaps the first and greatest loss suffered by the small Welsh community in Nova Scotia was that of their distinctively musical and multisyllabic mother tongue in their new *Gwladfa* — their home away from home. Harris believes his first Welsh ancestor in Canada spoke only this Celtic language. There's evidence that a generation later, English remained foreign to many Welshtowners. An 1844 account of churches in southwest Nova Scotia revealed that a local missionary "has given commendable attention to a Welsh settlement in the neighbourhood of Shelburne, where he

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HERITAGE

finds it difficult to make himself understood when preaching, but has the comfort to find that all his little flock easily understand the liturgy." Other Welsh-town descendants have recalled that before 1880, elders still spoke Welsh among themselves but always talked to children in English. "In Nova Scotia, the settlers quickly accepted the hard reality that they would lose their language," Thomas says, pointing out that Welsh culture stayed alive longer in New Brunswick because more Welsh came, and they remained together.

What has the Welsh presence meant

to the Maritimes? There are no Welsh organizations to match the multitude of Scots, Irish and Loyalist societies, and no celebrations like the Scots' Gathering of the Clans. "Funny thing, the Welsh never formed patriotic pockets to preserve their culture in Canada or the States, at least as far as I can find out," Tuck says. "They just weren't as thick on the ground over here. The Irish and the Scots were desperate to leave [their homeland], but the Welsh tended to stay home."

Joseph Davies regrets never visiting his father's birthplace in Wales. He has

no mementoes of his Welsh background. "All I have are the memories from my dad," he says. The family's musical ability lives on, though: Davies leads a Salvation Army band, just as his father did in Cape Breton.

Peter Harris of Shelburne can point out some overgrown stone foundations and the ruins of a Welsh family home

ERIC HAYES



Harris finds his Celtic connection satisfying

along the Roseway River, but not much more. "There's nothing else in this district that I can point to as a remnant of the Welsh culture." Knowing about his family's Celtic connection is personally satisfying, he says. "It's always been at the back of my mind."

Peter Thomas has "a strong hunch that a high proportion of Welsh descendants are in the political arenas" of the Maritimes due to the traditional "active democracy" found in Wales.

Violet Evans has a painting of the Cardigan homestead where she was born, hanging in the living room of her home in Nashwaaksis. "A lot of new families have moved up there, so it isn't all Welsh now," she says. "But there are quite a few [Welsh descendants] left, and you know, some of them aren't that interested. I don't know why, but they should be."

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When Angela speaks, everyone listens

And if you tell Angela Peters it can't be done, she'll do it. That's one reason this former stenographer from Carbonear, Nfld., is boss of one of the classiest retail chains in the country

By Rachelle Henderson

When the Bowring department store in St. John's, Nfld., offered a job as fashion buyer to one of its typists in 1955, a thrilled Angela Cantwell took one night to think it over, accepted, and then almost as promptly botched it. Buyers were usually chosen from the sales floor, not the merchandising office, but 25-year-old Cantwell was keen, and someone had noticed. Still, the fact remained she had never dealt with customers. When the time came to place her first order with the suppliers, Cantwell had no reason to suspect that not all women shared her taste for pastels in sizes 10 to 12. "I bought only clothes I liked," she recalls. "I nearly put the department out of business."

A blunder like that would make anyone a bit shy around her boss, but not this ambitious policeman's daughter from Carbonear. Though the ladies' wear department didn't earn a profit that year, Cantwell was nervy enough — and naive enough — to approach its chairman and demand to know why she hadn't received any incentive pay. He didn't sack her on the spot; instead, the amused and admiring chairman awarded her the extra money.

That brassiness has kept paying off. Today, Angela Peters (she remarried) is chief executive officer and chairman of Bowring Brothers Ltd. She's the ultimate head of the Water Street, St. John's, store where she started as a stenographer at \$17 a week in 1947, and of 81 Bowring Little Shops strung across Canada and the United States. These shops (the St. John's outlet is the last department store in the chain) deal in pricey decora-

tor items ranging from brass beds and pine rocking chairs to ironstone table settings and sculpted candles. Last year, an exceptionally good one, Bowring's did \$35 million worth of business. It's a company that runs the kind of stores where 20 paper napkins can set you back \$4 — and it's based in St. John's. Peters says people find that odd. "I've had it mentioned to me many times," she says. "People still think it's a bit strange."

Peters herself leads the kind of life sooner expected of a *Cosmopolitan*-

natural resources researcher, four years after her first husband, Thomas Cantwell, died suddenly of heart attack in 1977. She also keeps a home in St. John's, where she lives with her 22-year-old daughter, Michèle, when she's in the city. But for Peters, this is not a matter of image. "It's not very satisfying, living like this," she says, "but you make the best of it."

The work does have its perks. Peters reports to the offices of Bowring Brothers' parent company, C.T. Bowring, in London, England, twice a year. She was the first woman to report to the Bowring conglomerate's board of directors at the British headquarters, and caused "eyes to pop, glasses to drop"

when she strolled through the fabled Room at the persistently all-male Lloyd's of London while on business there for the firm's insurance division in 1975. And now, between her work as Newfoundland's representative to the Macdonald Commission on the economy and her duties as head of Bowring Brothers, Peters is continually flitting across Canada. On top of that, she's the first female director of Central Trust. "She is very, very well respected," says Bruce Tilley, St. John's Board of Trade general manager. "When Angela Cantwell speaks about something, everyone listens. If she wants something done, it will be done."

From the picture window in her fourth-floor office

at the Water Street store, Peters points to the grey-brown hills that form a high rock wall along the southeast side of St. John's harbor. Huge, round oil tanks cling to the bottom along the shore, and she explains that a large chunk of one of those hills now occupied by Husky Oil once belonged to Bowring Brothers. At one time, the company had much at stake in the city, from real estate to the fishery to the Red Cross Line, a



Peters shares her office with a portrait of C. T. Bowring

toting, big-city sophisticate, than of a small-town Newfoundland woman who believed when she left high school that a future teaching, nursing, or typing was about as glamorous as things were bound to become. For one thing, her personal life seems fashionably complex. She lives with her husband, Stuart, only three or four days a week, commuting between her office in St. John's and the couple's Halifax home. She married Peters, a

COVER STORY

passenger and freight service it set up between St. John's, Halifax and New York 100 years ago. When Benjamin Bowring sailed past the Narrows into St. John's harbor in 1811 to set up business in what was then just a fishing and sealing shantytown, he was confident Newfoundland was on the brink of a development boom. In fact, he'd staked his livelihood on it. The scion of a wealthy family of Exeter in western England, Bowring had sold his watchmaking business there to finance a new shop on Water Street where he promised, "for sale, on the very best terms and of the best of quality: gilt and fancy ornaments, beads, cutlery, writing paper, prime English dip candles, soap, split pease, ladies' and gentlemen's fashionable wearing apparel" and much more. By the 1820s, the company had expanded into the sealskin, oil, blubber and dried codfish trade. And, within the next 10 years, Bowring acquired his own wharf and two schooners, and entered transatlantic shipping.

Benjamin Bowring eventually returned to England to base the family business there permanently, leaving the St. John's operation to his sons, who went on to form Bowring Brothers. Though fire devastated St. John's and destroyed the company's store three times, the firm prospered. Overseas, the parent company, renamed C.T. Bowring after the new senior partner, had launched an insurance broking firm, and the St. John's company became Lloyd's Newfoundland agent in 1869. Retailing was no longer the base of the company's success.

Bowring's played a real part in the success of early St. John's. When the city was left without currency after a bank crash in 1894, for instance, the company issued wage notes for its employees to redeem at its own retail stores. The notes were widely traded, however, and soon became accepted as general currency. "Bowring's is looked upon as an institution here," says Board of Trade president Christine Fagan. "It is synonymous with Newfoundland history."

But the firm is now past its prime in St. John's. Over the years, its interests in the fishery dwindled, its wholesale distribution ceased, and, just last year, its insurance division switched hands. The New York-based insurance company Marsh and McLellan took over the C.T. Bowring Group of Companies in 1980, and sold off all its concerns except the highly successful insurance-related businesses, and Bowring Brothers, the retailing end. Now, Marsh and McLellan are trying to unload the St. John's-based company as well. And, after 37 years with Bowring's, Peters is stepping down. "I've arranged that I won't be part of the sale," she says. "It just wouldn't be the same. I grew up with the company; I emerged with it." But, she adds, "right

now I don't let myself think about it."

What Peters might be thinking about late this Monday afternoon, six days before Christmas, is the Florida vacation she's taking with her husband in a week or so. She needs it. She has just spent the weekend in Halifax, and a delayed flight to St. John's this morning has left her behind schedule. The week before she'd been in Toronto on Bowring business; before that, in Ottawa and Toronto for the Macdonald Commission; and in November, in Winnipeg and Saskatchewan for the commission, and in England for Bowring's. She's been through reams of briefs since being appointed to the commission last year; a bureau in her office is stacked a foot high with them. "If only

pretentious. She shares a secretary with other workers on the floor. She does her own filing, and she often answers her own phone, which she keeps on a credenza at the other end of her office from her desk, "so I don't get too lazy.

"I never expect anyone to do anything I wouldn't do myself. And if you're seen to have your door open, to be accessible, it doesn't hurt. I don't flaunt anything."

Peters was born Angela Withers, the eldest of policeman Peter Withers' nine children. She was raised "round the bay" in Carbonear, a small town northwest of St. John's on Conception Bay, just up the street from former Newfoundland premier Frank Moores. After



Peters was once a fashion buyer in Bowring's Water Street store . . .

I'd known," she says, laughing. Though weary, Peters, a stylish, attractive blonde, is game for this first media interview she's ever given about herself. She agreed to the story, she explains, "because it's something for the Maritimes." Up until now, she insists, she's been too busy for the press, but besides that, she admits to being "super-sensitive" and shy. She's also warm, though businesslike, and, perhaps betraying her small-town roots, un-

graduating from high school in 1946, Peters took a one-year business course at Mercy Convent in St. John's, whose curriculum of shorthand, typing and some accounting, she says, "trained me to be not even a secretary, but a stenographer, really."

But it was training enough to help her get her foot in the door at Bowring's. Though the company initially turned her down for a job as a stenographer, it finally hired her to replace someone who



DAVID NICHOLS

Halifax is home for part of the week



ROB JOHNSTON

... It's the last department store in the Bowring chain

quit. "The real reason," Peters suspects, "is that they couldn't find anyone else to come at that low pay [\$17 a week], and even then I was told I couldn't have any more because the girl I was replacing had been educated." About two years later, she became a secretary, and two years after that, when her boss "realized he couldn't keep me busy," Peters started typing orders in the merchandising department. After three years in merchandising, she was earning \$50

a week. "The pay was much less important than the job," Peters says. "You knew you had to get experience, so you took a job at any price."

Unlike many women in the 1950s, Peters took it for granted that she would work, but like most, she assumed it would be traditional work. When she landed the job as fashion buyer, that was the "ultimate," she thought. A year earlier she had married Cantwell, a manufacturer's representative for a clothing line out of Montreal and Toronto, but she was determined to keep working. "In my own way, I suppose I was fighting the system," she says. "And probably one reason I was chosen for advancement was because nine out of 10 women would quit to get married, have babies, etc." Though her husband was unusually understanding, Peters soon learned that a married working woman often faced exasperating and unfair complications. "In the days I started as a buyer, things were different. I had to travel — to New York, Montreal, Toronto — for three weeks at a time. It took a lot of extra effort to pull that off. I would have these guilt feelings, so I would cook and clean everything to make sure everything would be done. I

didn't ever think I shouldn't work, but I never neglected my work at home either. You worked very hard, because you had to do both because you were given guilt feelings by everybody.

"The man you were married to was in a tough position, too, because other men would say, 'There goes your wife again.' And in those days, they believed women worked only because they had to. It was believed the man couldn't provide — that terrible myth. Other men would say to me, 'Well I wouldn't let my wife work.'"

It turned out Peters did quit Bowring's in 1961, to have a baby of her own. She had no intention of returning, but when her daughter was just five months old and she was finding that "the days were so long," she called the store just to tell them she was available if anything opened up. The next day, they invited her back to work. Though her job may have been assured if there had been maternity leave in 1961, Peters, who supports the idea, does not believe women have the right to automatically

assume their former positions. "I think you have to be fair. You can't just whisk in and out of a job. A buyer, for instance, is not easily replaced, and no one is going to want to work as one for just a few months. There must be some flexibility."

Peters was lucky enough to pick up where she left off, and she was soon transferred to the buying office in Montreal, where she and her family lived until 1970. That year, Bowring's closed most of its department stores, and the Montreal office went too. The company called her to Toronto, to discuss the closings, she thought. Instead they asked her to manage the then-floundering Water Street store and gave her two years to turn it around. Peters still hadn't had any experience retailing, and suspects that her seniors never really believed she could save the store but that they figured they had nothing to lose. "All I needed was a challenge," she says, "for someone to tell me it can't be done, and I'll do it." Within two years, the store was back on its feet — and enjoying its most profitable year ever. "I have to get excited again, I need something to build. And I used to get so frustrated when I couldn't see the results immediately. People had to be worked up. I would have these seminars with flip charts and get everyone excited again. Then I began to see results."

It wasn't long — five years later, in 1975 — before Peters became a director of the company. She was also supervisor of Bowring's St. John's insurance division until Marsh and McLellan began running it themselves last year. In 1978, she became president of Bowring Brothers; in 1979, chief executive officer; and in 1980, while retaining that title, she became chairman of the board, as well.

After all this, Peters says she "guesses" she was a feminist, but that she didn't realize it at the time. Besides, she found that it isn't only men who can place hurdles in a woman's career. "There is a great resentment by women of other women who achieve things. And this is another thing women have to get over."

Though she might stay on as a consultant when Bowring's is sold, Peters is anxious to take a year off. She's moving in full-time to her Halifax home this year to devote herself to gardening, gourmet cooking and reading biographies, poetry and history. "I have a feeling, though," she confesses, "that I may find I'm being quite useless. Leisure might not be so fulfilling." She hopes to stay on the board at Central Trust as long as she's an asset to it, but admits she might not be as attractive to the company if she retires fully from Bowring's. She wants to do volunteer work, and politics is also a maybe, though she's not sure she has the stomach for it. "I feel before I pass on, I have to help out. I would hate to think I would end my life just wallowing in what I've got. I must get involved."

PROFILE

The Shaw most likely to succeed

The odds are that Robbie Shaw will eventually wield more power in government than either his millionaire-socialist father or his politician sister

By Marc Clark

For years I was known as Lloyd Shaw's son; now I'm known as Alexa McDonough's brother."

No resentment colors Robbie Shaw's voice when he says this, no tinge of envy — in fact, he laughs. He may never acquire the public profile of his sister, the leader of the Nova Scotia New Democratic Party, or his father, a passionate socialist who took time out from 30 years of preaching the CCF-NDP gospel to sire a clutch of highly successful companies.

But Shaw has nothing to prove. Before he was 35, he had developed Halifax-Dartmouth real estate conservatively valued at \$250 million. Some 18,000 people live in Clayton Park and Colby Village, the two subdivisions created by Clayton Developments Ltd., a small family business Shaw built into the largest residential development firm in Atlantic Canada.

Moreover, he is respected by political leaders of all stripes as a doer, a man whose hands fall naturally and easily to the levers of power.

Odds are that he will ultimately wield more influence over government than his father or his sister, and he knows it.

The options are there. In the past eight years, Shaw, 42, has served as principal assistant to a Liberal premier, a respected policy adviser to the NDP, and a senior civil servant in a federal Conservative government. He routinely turns down requests to return to Ottawa as an assistant deputy minister, with full deputy minister status probably a few years down the road. And he has what amounts to standing offers from the Liberals and NDP to run for elected office. "He's the kind of person political candidates are made of," says Peter Green, a Halifax lawyer prominent in Liberal affairs. "If he were on the government side of the house, he'd clearly be the kind of guy to take on major responsibilities... including cabinet posts."

And Dartmouth lawyer John Young,

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a confidant of External Affairs Minister Allan J. MacEachen, says of Shaw: "I sure wouldn't mind managing his campaign."

For now, though, Robbie Shaw has other priorities.

Spending time with his wife, Jean, and their three children (Duncan, 15, Danny, 14, and Valerie, 10), is one. Leaning back on an old sofa in his basement TV room, he admits to being "family-oriented to the point of ridiculousness," and laughs. With fatherly pride he describes how he packed the family into a rented motor home last summer and headed out on a four-week trek across Canada. About 10 p.m., he excuses himself briefly to kiss his daughter good night.

During a two-year stint as chief assistant to then-Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan, there were many nights when Shaw was still in his office at 10 p.m.

He had always been a prodigious worker. For Shaw, life at the top of the political pyramid became a brutal treadmill, an endless, soul-deadening cycle of 80-hour weeks. "Frankly, I lost perspective," he says. "Regan's defeat in the '78 election was probably the best thing that ever happened to me."

Never again, he says, will he allow a job to take control of his life.

Perhaps not, but a glance at the datebook on his secretary's desk reveals an unbroken list of appointments. His secretary says he takes work home almost every evening and weekend — and gets it done by morning. His present boss, Dalhousie University president Andrew MacKay, says no one at the university works harder.

Shaw is generally credited with masterminding Dalhousie's financial resurrection. In the heady days of the Sixties and early Seventies, the financial and administrative side of the university — the footings supporting those ivy-covered walls — had grown rotten. Money had come easily; when government balked, obliging bankers supplied it at reasonable interest rates. Dalhousie spent millions it didn't have in a massive building and buying spree. By 1980, annual interest payments on the university's \$22-million debt were approaching \$4 million. Inflation was driving operating costs to record levels. Most ominous of all, a tough-talking provincial government began slashing contributions to the university.

It all added up to crushing deficits. In Shaw's words, the university was "financially hemorrhaging."

MacKay knew it would take a strong hand on the tiller to turn things around. Fifteen years earlier, he had watched with interest as Shaw, a student of his at the Dalhousie Law School, organized the Dalhousie Student Union and became its first president. When MacKay was appointed university president in 1980, Shaw's name was on the top of his list.

Shaw had gone to Ottawa in 1978 as the first employee of the new Ministry of State for Economic Development, but had become disenchanted following the Liberal government's return to power in the 1980 election. He had been hired by the Liberals to co-ordinate relations among business, labor, the provinces and the federal government. But Shaw hit his stride under the short-lived Tory government of Joe Clark.

Former Senator Robert DeCotret, Clark's Quebec lieutenant and Shaw's boss, was struck by his frankness, efficiency and capacity for work. Shaw was part of an elite team assigned to a pet project of DeCotret's — the first-ever national economic conference bringing together representatives of business, labor and the two senior levels of government.

It was an exciting time for Shaw. The conference, Shaw says, offered a unique opportunity to correct a historic Canadian blind spot, to start discussions

DAVID NICHOLS



No resentment about being Lloyd's son, Alexa's brother

among various groups on economic affairs. "People outside Ottawa don't realize the impact the Clark government had in those nine months," he says.

The excitement didn't last long. "It was amazing to see the whole idea fizzle in a matter of weeks when the Liberals regained power." He shakes his head, then shrugs.

The notion of marking time under a tired Liberal government, a worn-out administration bereft of new ideas and energy, didn't appeal to Shaw. He admits he can't function effectively without a challenge; the idea of tackling a job without built-in headwinds is unthinkable to him. So when MacKay offered the job at Dalhousie, he took it.

In Shaw's first two years as vice-president in charge of finance and administration, whopping deficits drove the university \$8 million further in the hole. But despite further cuts in provincial support, he expects the deficit to fade to under \$1 million this year, and to vanish the next.

More important to Shaw, a revamped administration is laying the groundwork for the university's continued good health. By all accounts, a radical shakeup of university management was long overdue. Shaw confronted the problem squarely; in the past 18 months, seven of the eight senior people reporting to him have been replaced.

"In some cases, they were personal friends, so I thought I should tell them," MacKay says, "but Robbie insisted he do it." In spite of 3½ years of playing the administrative ogre, of cutting budgets, raising fees and generally playing financial hardball, Shaw still has the respect and support of virtually everybody at Dalhousie.

Donald Betts, dean of arts and sciences, has criticized Shaw's lukewarm financial support for the burgeoning computer science department. But there's no one, he says, that he'd rather see in the vice-president's office.

What criticism there is of Shaw focuses on the choices he's made in swinging the financial axe. But mixed into the grumbling are comments acknowledging the difficulty of playing Solomon, or comparing Shaw favorably to his predecessors. ("You should have seen how bad it was *before* he got here.")

In fact, people who know Shaw almost always praise him. They say he's considerate and easy to work with; he has a sense of humor and doesn't take himself too seriously; and he's honest and says what he thinks.

Last year, in the midst of heated contract negotiations between the Dalhousie Faculty Association and the university, Shaw asked to be invited to several of the association's executive meetings to explain the university's financial predicament. Senior management seldom invites itself to the bear's den for tea, but the request was typical of Shaw; to many at Dalhousie, his commitment to openness and the sharing of information — particularly on financial matters — is his greatest contribution.

And he's not an arrogant man. "On the first day," one of his secretaries says, "I noticed he always said please and thank you. He still does." His office is little more than half the area shared by his two secretaries.

Recently he installed an office in the laundry room of his home, a comfortable but modest four-bedroom house in a solidly middle-class neighborhood a few blocks north of the university. He screens off the washer and dryer with a curtain while working. In the driveway sits a 1979 Cutlass wagon that shows every one of its 80,000 kilometres.

He could have better. With his proven business skills, he could easily have translated his share of the family holdings into a tidy personal fortune.

Why has he opted for a career in public service?

He shrugs. "Upbringing, I guess." Shaw was born into the tradition; in

PROFILE

1942 he took his first breath in Ottawa, not Halifax, because his father was there serving as chief aide to the legendary M. J. Coldwell, who later headed the CCF. The elder Shaw returned to Halifax to run for the CCF in 1945 and again in 1949, winning a respectable 10,000 votes in his second campaign. When Lloyd Shaw wasn't promoting CCF policies, he was unionizing his workers or preaching the importance of job safety.

Coldwell, whom Robbie regards as his godfather, frequently summered with the Shaws in the family cottage near Chester, N.S. In fact, he was one of a steady stream of political leaders — the confident, the gifted and the aggressive — who paraded through the Shaw home, all of them passionately arguing the issues of the day. "You couldn't grow up in that household without becoming interested in politics," Shaw says.

Today, he falls between the cracks. As a proven talent with ties across the political spectrum, he's attractive to governments of all political stripes — and he likes it that way. He's commonly pegged as a Liberal because of his long association with Regan (Shaw's political christening came during Regan's 1965 leadership campaign) and ongoing friendships with the cognoscenti of the party. (He is close to the likes of Senators Michael Pitfield, former head of the



DAVID NICHOLS

A doer, respected by all political parties

Privy Council, and Michael Kirby, a fellow law student at Dalhousie who got his start on the same Regan campaign.)

But New Democrats embrace him as one of their own. Philosophically, they may be right. He's quick to support redistribution of income and a stronger voice for workers in industry. He's proud of the fact that the family brick plant has been sold to senior employees who are instituting a profit-sharing plan.

Yet he is not, in his own words, a "natural NDPer." He willingly serves as a party policy adviser, but he is loath to commit himself further. A lifetime of observation and 50 years of history have made Shaw wary; the closets of the Canadian left are haunted by well-intentioned souls and stillborn dreams. For years, Shaw saw his father frustrated by the party's inability to grasp the machinery of government. He's determined this won't happen to him.

If a Tory government made the right offer (Brian Mulroney, for one, has said he would like to see more successful businessmen in government), Shaw would listen. That kind of pragmatism horrifies traditional NDPers, but Shaw is not an ideologue. He's more interested in candidates' policy ideas than the color of their lapel pins.

Odds are that when he does re-enter political life, he'll do so quietly, through the door of a senior civil servant's office. He's well aware that a deputy minister frequently has more power than the politician who's nominally his boss — and doesn't have to put up with the glad-handing and baby-kissing or the tedium of routine constituency work. And Shaw is not one to fudge or oversimplify complicated issues. In an age when voters get their political information through 40-second television and radio clips, such integrity is tantamount to political suicide.

In any event, Shaw says he will stay in Halifax until his kids are older and his commitment to Dalhousie ends. How long will that be? He throws up his hands: "I honestly don't know." University president MacKay leans back, relights his pipe and smiles: "He'll stay as long as the job's still a challenge and he's having fun."

Greater challenges (which, for Shaw, are almost synonymous with more fun) routinely beckon.

And who knows? His next undertaking may be half a world away. Last year he turned down a chance to set up a civil service training college in Zimbabwe. It was an offer guaranteed to tantalize Shaw — the chance to build from scratch an institution of substance, and dedicated to good government.

He was tempted. "If it had come a year or two down the road, when Dal was back on its feet..."



THE INTERLUDE

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Stand ready to pipe Bill Percy aboard CanLit

After 35 years in two navies and a dozen years as an innkeeper in Granville Ferry, N.S., he's written a "breakthrough novel." It's called *Painted Ladies*, and it's like nothing he's ever written before

By Harry Bruce

Inside this wiry, bearded and disciplined navy vet, a writer has been gnawing and growing for half a century, so it puzzled him when a *Maclean's* reviewer made him sound like a kid to watch on the CanLit scene. John Bemrose described the vet's "first novel" as evidence of a "promising talent struggling to be born." In the first place, *Painted Ladies* (1983) is not H.R. Percy's first novel. That was *Flotsam* (1978). In the second place, "promising talent struggling to be born" is an odd way to describe an author whose short stories first appeared between hard covers 24 years ago. Percy has also written two biographies, two radio plays, a TV play, three National Film Board productions, and a slew of short stuff for publications as popular as *Atlantic Insight*, as scholarly as *Queen's Quarterly*, as far away as *Fair Lady* in South Africa, as close to home as *Canadian Army Journal*.

Still, Bemrose had a point. For *Painted Ladies* is not quite like anything Percy has ever written before. *Globe and Mail* critic William French called *Flotsam* "an intense and brooding study of a naval officer in midlife crisis" but *Painted Ladies* was "a whimsical extravaganza...about a famous artist and his tempestuous life." It was also, "clearly a breakthrough novel, the culmination of long years of apprenticeship." Toronto publisher Lester & Orpen Dennys chose *Painted Ladies* for its International Fiction List, which instantly gave Percy something in common with the likes of Graham Greene, D.M. Thomas, and Marie-Claire Blais.

The dateline on French's story about Percy was "Granville Ferry, N.S." He was staying at The Moorings. That's the bed-and-breakfast inn that Percy and his Welsh-born wife Vina (born Mary Davina James) own and operate, and the experience must surely have been a supreme test of this powerful critic's ability to maintain his objectivity. After sleeping under a quilted puff in an antique-furnished room overlooking the glittering Annapolis Basin, after downing bacon, sausages, eggs, coffee and Vina's home-made scones and jam, after strolling among handsome, gingerbread-encrusted houses in the most historic corner of eastern Canada, after sitting beside the burning maple logs in a book-

lined Victorian lounge, a critic would need exceptionally icy judgment to say cruel things about anything H.R. Percy has written.

"That's the way to get good reviews, eh?" Vina laughs. "Get the critic in your own bed." She quickly adds, "I don't mean my bed. I mean in a bed in your own house." Anyone who sips tea with Vina, while sitting beside the old, black, wood-burning stove in her kitchen, soon feels he must have known her all his life, or at least since she first met her husband when he was a 19-year-old engine room artificer for the Royal Navy at Devonport, England. They've been married for 42 years. Their affection for one another permeates *The Moorings*, and makes guests want to return. There's no escaping the cliché: The Percys are the soul of hospitality. All three of their big guest rooms were booked solid last summer, and between June 1 and October 1 *The Moorings* grossed several thousand dollars. With that kind of money coming in each summer, and his naval pension besides, Percy's able not only to take Vina to their mobile home at Barefoot Bay, Fla., for three or four months every winter but also to keep on writing.

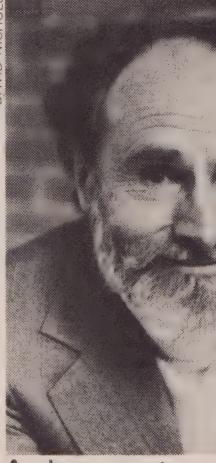
But how did this artificer in the engine rooms of warships become an artificer of the pen, and an innkeeper to boot? Herbert Roland Percy was born at Burham, a village not much bigger than Granville Ferry (population 445) in Kent. His father had joined the navy as a boy stoker, became a chief petty officer in boiler rooms, and in peacetime ran a greengrocer's shop. "He was a bit on the strict side," Percy recalled. "He gave me the odd clout if he felt I deserved it.... As a boy, I tended to be withdrawn. I was probably not all that strong, and I got pushed around a bit." He knew in his boyhood that he didn't want to go through life as "Erbie" or, worse, "little Erbie," so he insisted on being "Bill." That had a manly sound to it and, to this day, the H.R. Percy you see on the spines of books and the Herbert Roland Percy in the *Canadian Who's Who* are, in real life, just plain Bill.

But there was something else little Bill knew while still in short pants. He wanted to be a writer, and a couple of his schoolteachers thought he had literary flair. At 16, he enrolled as an apprentice at the Royal Naval Artificers' Train-

ing Establishment at nearby Chatham, and thus began a 35-year career in the Royal and Canadian navies. "I wrote in a desultory fashion all the time I was in the navy," he said. "When one's younger, one has this sense of infinite time, but gradually one realizes time isn't really all that plentiful."

He finished his naval apprenticeship in June, 1940, "when things were getting really sticky in Europe," and sailed for Gibraltar aboard an ancient troopship to join the cruiser *Enterprise*. But a Nazi U-boat sank the troopship off Ireland, and the young artificer's career was off to a terrifying start. (In *Painted Ladies*, more than four decades later, he would describe a decrepit coal-burner, also doomed to be sunk by a torpedo: *She was an anachronism. An abomination. Probably the last of her kind in creation. She came up at a spanking four knots with a following wind, and made so much noise and smoke about it that the U-boats must have thought she was some sort of decoy. The reason they [the floating survivors*

of a previous wreck] hadn't seen her smoke earlier was that it crawled from her funnel woolly and black and fell at once to the deck, where it seemed to stay in defiance of the freshening wind. She was a lame — and it soon occurred to them, a sitting — duck from some long-gone convoy.... The silky black smell of coal was in their nostrils when she was yet a hundred yards away. Going below decks in her was like going down a mine. The smell and the taste of the gritty dust were everywhere. You got used to it, they said.



A wiry navy vet

Percy then joined the battleship *King George V* which, with the "private hell" of Scapa Flow as her base, was on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. He got ashore in Halifax only once. Wet snowflakes fell, and streetcars trundled up and down the hills. "I thought it was a snowy fairyland," he said, "but I was ashore only a few hours." For the 1,200 crew of the *King George V*, he wrote his first radio play. The director was Able Seaman Arthur Lane, who'd later become a London theatre producer. The play required the sound of gunshots, so they broadcast it from the blacksmith's shop where they could fire a rifle into the forge.

Bill and Vina married in March, 1942, but by August he was gone. His destination was a secret even from her,

BOOKS

and he would not see her again for nearly two years. Nor would he see the first of their three children till the baby was 16 months old. Where Percy was this time was aboard "a bloody, old, World-War-One cruiser called HMS *Hawkins*" in the Indian Ocean. Based at Mombasa, she escorted convoys to India, Ceylon, Singapore, Australia. "We came back in time for the Normandy landings," he said, "and we went in right behind the minesweepers. We were there a week, in which time we wore out our guns with the bombarding."

In any elderly, steam-propelled ship, he said, "there are always hair-raising moments. Joints blow out, things like that. It was tough keeping that old ship running. The food was lousy. Our mess was above the boiler room and across from the galley, and it was as hot as hell in there." Then, remembering his crewmates, he added, "I have pleasant memories of that old ship." (In *Painted Ladies*, the artist Emile Logan understands but cannot join the camaraderie of the men aboard an endangered vessel: *He glimpsed for an instant the nature of the tie that bound these ill-assorted men.... They found in each other the strength to endure this hell, and perhaps an illusion of meaning. In the midst of his fear and confusion, oppressed as he was by his bitter sense of alienation, Emile realized with a pang that his life would never offer anything like that. Among artists there was no comradeship of shared peril, no bond of common ordeal, no chivalry of burdens borne together.*)

By the summer of '45, the *Hawkins* was in Scotland, and Percy was still with her. Vina met him in a hotel at Helensburgh on the Clyde on August 6. That was the day he turned 25. It was also the day the Americans dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. He stayed with the navy, and he stayed with writing. A naval publication, *The Ditty Bag*, published an essay he wrote about his favorite author, Joseph Conrad, and at last he saw his own words in print. By now he was a member of the Forces' Writing Circle which, after the war, became the Twentieth Century Writers Club. By 1952, when he emigrated to Canada and joined the Canadian Navy, he'd sold a couple of short stories to *Vanity Fair*. "His first published work in Canada," William French wrote, "was the result of an armed forces essay contest on the subject of What I Like About Canada. His prize was \$100 and lunch with the Minister of Defence, Ralph Campney. Even that experience didn't deflect his determination to become a writer."

In Halifax, that "snowy fairyland" he'd first seen a dozen years earlier, he joined the Canadian Authors' Association, met such stalwarts of the bluenose

writing community as Will R. Bird and Helen Creighton, and wrote so steadily that by 1960 he had enough short stories to make a book (*The Timeless Island & Other Stories*). The navy now made the kind of decision for which military organizations are notorious. Since this chap Percy had proved himself a fiction writer, make him write non-fiction for the navy. The navy promptly moved the Percys to Ottawa where Bill spent four years writing training manuals.

But his Ottawa years were happy enough. He edited the magazine of the Canadian Authors' Association, wrote a weekly literary column for the *Ottawa Journal*, rose daily at 5 a.m. to write whatever he wanted for two hours. Moreover, before retiring from the navy he had the pleasure of flatly refusing an air commodore's request that he prepare a speech promoting the unification of the three armed forces for Defence Minister Paul Hellyer to read in the Commons. "I said I couldn't do it in good conscience," Percy recalled, "and that I therefore couldn't do it at all.... As things turned out, I'm very glad I didn't hitch my wagon to Paul Hellyer's star."

Unification occurred on February 1, 1968, and Percy didn't leave the navy till more than two years later, "but somehow I never had to wear the green uniform, and I'm thankful for that." (A passage in *Flotsam* makes his position on unification crystal clear: *So he spent the day in open conflict with the "New Organization."* The expression was on everyone's lips but no one knew what it was. Something mythical, extremely vague and ever-changing; a source of stultifying doubt and crippling inaction which yet must be believed in if some illusion of sanity were to be maintained. It invalidated the existing order but put nothing in its place to which the bureaucratic mind could relate. It was a source of ulcers to the conscientious, a welcome umbrella to the incompetent.... Everywhere, he found the same folly. Everywhere loyal and experienced people being fed to the same monster of futile change, being engulfed by a strange and often unproductive organization that scorned their experience and scoffed at their loyalty.)

The Percys returned to Nova Scotia for good in 1972. Vina had been nursing a dream: If they could only find the perfect spot, they might supplement Bill's naval pension by running a bed-and-breakfast inn. They'd earn a decent and interesting living, and he'd still have time to get on with his writing. But when he snapped up the house that's now The Moorings, he happened to be alone in Granville Ferry. "And she never lets me forget that when she asked me later if there was any furniture I said, 'Just some old stuff.'" The old stuff included "invaluable antiques." The owner, a clergyman in New Jersey, wanted all of

\$19,000 for the house, antiques, the whole works. Remembering his luck with something close to amazement, Bill said, "We beat him down to \$18,500." After selling their Ottawa property, they had the place mortgage-free. As early as the summer of '73, The Moorings — with a roadside sign painted by Bill, breakfast preserves made by Vina, and a casual warmth that flowed from both their personalities — was going full tilt. Bluenose tourism officials had been less than optimistic about the prospects for a guest house in Granville Ferry, but Vina seems to have known precisely what she was doing. If you want to stay at The Moorings in midsummer, make your reservations well in advance.

The Percys grow their own vegetables, cherries, strawberries and raspberries. They own a woodlot containing more hardwood than they'll ever be able to burn, and a small frame house at the water's edge just across the road. Some day that may turn out to be their real home, but meanwhile it's Bill's writing headquarters. He still rises at 5 a.m., works till seven, joins Vina for breakfast, and then, if he can resist gabbing with guests and escape innkeeping duties, returns to his desk for the rest of the morning. Getting six hours of writing done before noon makes the rest of the day feel like a luxurious gift, but he can't always meet that schedule. That Annapolis Valley soil is so rich the grass needs cutting twice a week. The garden needs weeding, the steps need painting, the toilets need cleaning and, in short, even a small hotel, like a battleship's engine room, needs ceaseless maintenance. Down in Florida, where he also rises at five, he gets more writing done.

Unlike his creation Emile Logan, whose obsessive genius makes him selfish and antisocial, Percy is community-minded. He's performed in historical pageants, been active in the local Order of Good Cheer, and helped thwart government plans for a highway that would have shattered much of Annapolis Royal's historic charm. He is a responsible citizen, an amiable neighbor, a loving husband and father. How then did he ever invent the raunchy, outrageous, loony Emile Logan and Logan's painted ladies (one of whom, his mother, was literally covered with hideous tattoos)?

"I think every person is essentially every other person in the sense that we all start off the same," he explains. "It's life that moulds us, and makes us all different. But if you dig down deep enough, you can imagine yourself in someone else's life and thought. I think that's what good fiction's all about." It's a matter of creative steam, and as Bill Percy heads into his mid-60s he seems, at last, to have a full head of that. *Painted Ladies* isn't his first novel but, more important, it won't be his last either. 

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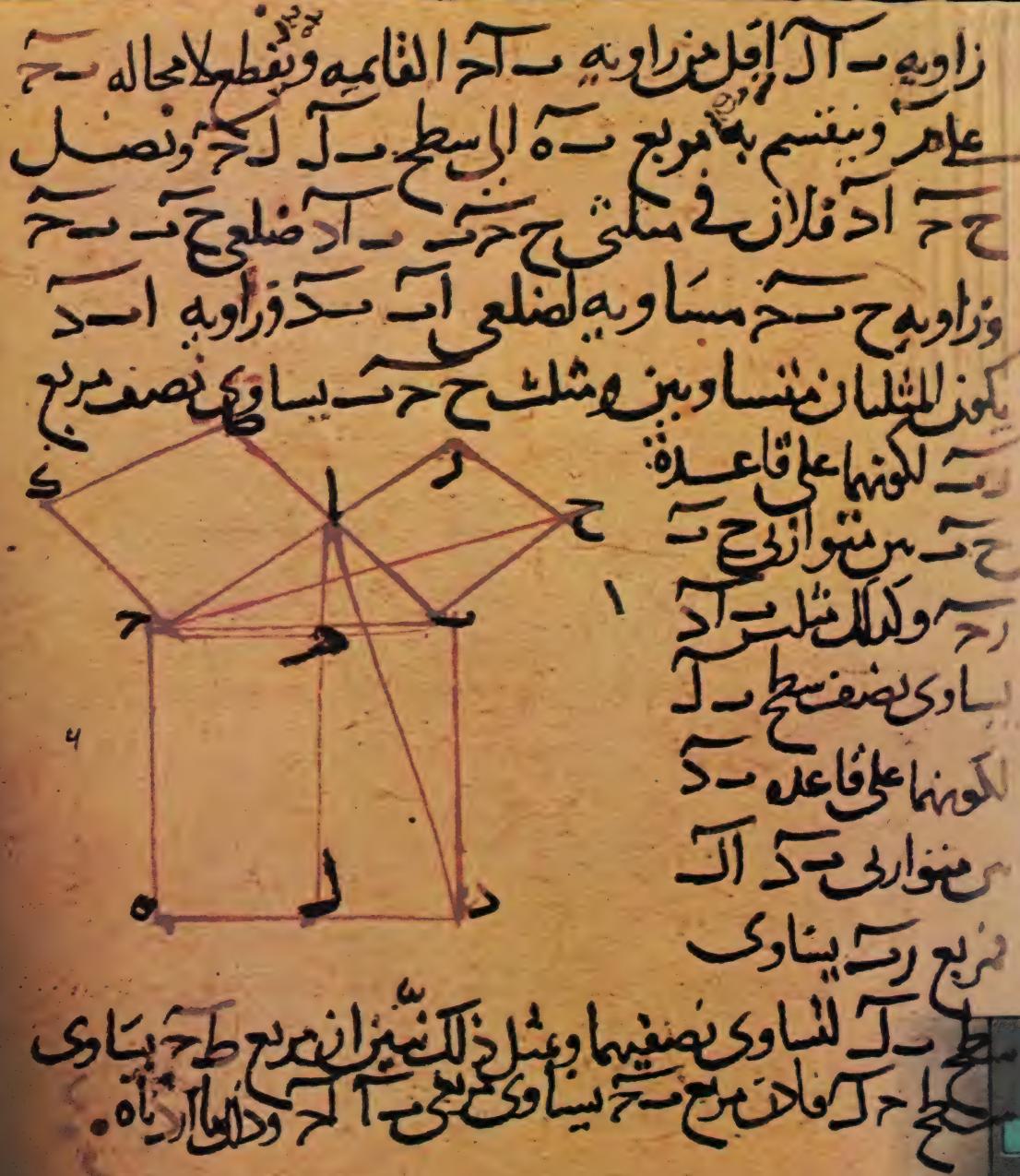
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An Arabic explanation of the Pythagorean theorem, 1258 A.D. (Courtesy of the British Library).

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SPORTS

The sport of Hennesseys

Ace horseman Joe Hennessey's sons — the third generation of racing Hennesseys — are piling up trophies from tracks around the Maritimes

By Bill Ledwell

In the living room of Joe and Shirley Hennessey's red, three-storey house on Euston Street in Charlottetown, there's an inscribed silver tray his family acquired 41 years ago. Presented in honor of the great Dale H., a Hennessey-owned horse who was the leading point winner that year on the harness racing tracks of P.E.I., it's one of the first trophies in the family collection. It is by no means the last. The Hennesseys' warm, comfortable home is a virtual trophy gallery, and the walls of almost every room are covered with photos of fast horses, proud owners and ace drivers.

After a lifetime at the track, Joe Hennessey, 58, is out of the harness-racing game following a couple of heart attacks, but the trophy collection keeps on growing. Three of his five sons — the third generation of racing Hennesseys — are piling up victories and records at Saint John, N.B., and other tracks around the Maritimes. (See Box)

The sire of the Hennessey brood of five boys and four girls is a bit lost these days: After 45 years of seven-days-a-week labor as a trainer and driver, he's no longer working with horses for a living. "For the first time in his life," his daughter Linda Currie says, "he doesn't have a barn to go to at the track."

But he's still very much part of the Island racing scene. Every other day, Currie says, he gets calls from horsemen with problems, and he's happy to hand out free advice. "You know, they say he's the next thing to a vet, and he can spot any small problem on the track with one glance," Currie says. On most nights, he takes it easy in the living room with a radio pointed in the right direction to pick up the broadcast results from Saint John, or wherever the boys are driving. Almost always, a Hennessey is in the win column — Jody, Wally, Gordie or all three.

The Hennessey family story is part of an old tradition in the Maritimes, where trotters and pacers often become tied up with the lives of families for several generations — families with names such as O'Brien, Cruickshank, Smith, MacPhee, Stead, MacPhail and Hennessey.



RICHARD FURLOONG

Joe Hennessey's still very much part of the P.E.I. racing scene

That tradition is particularly strong on the Island, where harness racing has been a way of life since the 1880s, and where the mostly rural population has been carrying on a century-long love affair with horses.

Joe Hennessey's father, Wal, was a racing pioneer on the Island, owning and driving some of the best horses of his time from 1920 to 1950, including such greats as Dale H., Royal-At-Law, True Hal and the trotter Pagliacci.

Joe grew up with his father's horses, drove his first race at age 14 and got his United States Trotting Association licence at 16. In 1943, he enlisted in the Canadian Navy and spent two years on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. "I couldn't wait for the war to end to get back up behind a horse," he says, "and while I knew there wasn't all that much money in the racing business, and it was risky to try to raise a family on it, still it was what I wanted to do, and I decided to stick with the horses."

He had his share of successes: He led all drivers in the Maritimes in 1957 with 64 winning drives; won the first Governor's Plate at Summerside with Dominion Byrd in 1963; won top driver honors at Charlottetown's Old Home Week program in 1957 and 1971; drove a record 24 dashes on a single day in Charlottetown in the late Fifties, when a series of postponements forced track officials to stage three programs in one day.

He had outstanding success around the Maritimes with horses such as Fancy Talk, a classy filly killed in a tragic accident outside Truro, N.S., and with John Willie Bob and Callie Hal. He finished his driving career with New Averil in the 1980 Gold Cup and Saucer feature in Charlottetown, a race he wanted very much to win, but didn't.

The fact that four of his sons are making their careers at the track is not surprising; racing runs in the blood. But the boys started working at the track out of economic necessity. As the Hennessey family got bigger, so did Joe's stable — to 25 trotters and pacers. He ran a public stable — a sort of boarding school for horses — that was the first of its kind at the Charlottetown track.

"As the family increased in size, I took on more horses to make ends meet," he says. "It was tough going with a large family, and the money wasn't too plentiful. I couldn't afford to hire help, so the boys were at the track mucking stables as soon as they learned to walk, and don't forget that was seven days a week, year round."

The five boys followed the same pattern — working around the stables at age six and seven, jogging horses at nine or 10, learning the ropes from their father, a gentle man with infinite patience for man and beast. "Jody used to sneak away from school, hide around the barns, and he was warming up horses at





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SPORTS

eight or nine," Hennessey recalls. "I didn't want to see the boys having to work the way I did, but they really didn't want to do anything else. John was an exception; he spent his time with me at the track, mucking out stables like the others, but he went to university and earned his own way through law school."

Wally, the leading driver in the Maritimes for the past three years, had a brief career on the Coast Guard ship MV *Tupper* after completing high school. "We got him a job on the *Tupper* when she was going to Saint John to drydock," his father says. "He spent one night on ship, got a taste of life as a galley boy, then left ship early next morning, made his way to the Saint John track and has been there ever since."

"I never slept a wink that night," Wally recalls. "I cleared out in a hurry, made my way to the race track where the exhibition was in town, and got a job with [horse owners] Walter and Jimmy Whelan. That was eight years ago, and I don't regret making that move."

Shirley Hennessey has had plenty of first-hand knowledge of the long hours involved in operating a racing stable. She ran the Euston Street household and raised nine children when money was scarce, and Joe was long gone to the barns every day before sun-up and often on the road to races around the Maritimes.

But she's philosophical about the boys' decision to follow their father's path. "I feel they made the right decision," she says. "If you love what you are doing, that's half the battle, and then, you are your own boss, and that counts for something." Still, she hopes that Gordie, the youngest son, who's making a name for himself as a driver, will consider going back to university to study veterinary medicine.

In any event, harness racing isn't what it was in Joe Hennessey's heyday. It used to be a sport; now it's big business. "Back before the war," he notes, "everyone wanted to have the best horse, and it didn't matter how much money you made. Just having the best horse was the thing."

"But it's a major business today, and the breeding has improved tremendously in recent years. There are good quality studs and brood mares in the region, and horsemen will pore over charts and blood lines, and even computer printouts, to try to get the best possible breeding results. There are other changes in equipment and training practices, and everything costs a lot more money. The competition is tougher, too."

Despite the competition, the Hennessey name is still one to contend with in racing circles. Joe Hennessey, still regarded as one of the most knowledgeable horsemen in the region, was a thorough, patient teacher. And his sons learned their lessons well.



(L-R) Wally, Gordie and Jodie Hennessey are carrying on the family tradition

Winning's all in the family

Linda Currie of Cornwall, one of Joe and Shirley Hennessey's four daughters, is the resident expert on anything the family accomplished on Maritime tracks over the past 65 years. For years, she kept her father's racing records with loving care; now she's focusing on her Saint John-based brothers.

Jody, oldest of the family at 34, had 160 driving wins on Maritime tracks in 1983, winning several major pacing events with Clarence (Soggy) Reid's Glen Reynolds, including the Alexander Memorial, Sydney's Metro Pace, and the Governor's Plate at Summerside in a track record time of 2.00.2. Jody also won the driver trophy at the 1981 and 1983 Old Home Week program in Charlottetown, and was second in 1983 in driving wins at Saint John's Exhibition Park Raceway (EPR), where he operates a large public stable.

Wally, 26, has been the top driver at Saint John's EPR through four seasons. He led all Maritime drivers with 136 wins in 1981, repeated with 186 wins in 1982, and in 1983 broke the all-time record with 230 trips to the winner's circle. The former Maritime record was 208, set in 1976 by Gary Daniels. Wally had record winnings of \$181,145 in 1982, and his .394 percentage in the Universal Driver Rating System was fifth best in North America. In February, 1983, Wally bested the top drivers in North America and Europe at the Canadian Club Ice Racing Classic on Ottawa's Rideau

Canal, and he had many memorable achievements with a pacer owned by Bert Honkoop of Alliston, P.E.I., B. J. Allan, who stepped the mile in 1.59.4 at Saint John last September to become the first Island-bred horse to beat two minutes on a Maritime track. Wally had an outstanding year with the great three-year-old Gemini Risk, setting a Maritime record for winning \$41,484 in the 1983 racing season.

Gordie, the youngest son at 22, has been Wally's right-hand man in their busy Saint John public stable, but Gordie has been making his mark as a driver during the past year, and captured some attention when he catch-drove Autopilot to victory in the 1983 Monctonian, the fastest-ever in its long history with the mile in 2.00.3. Gordie's surprise win in the Monctonian had special meaning for his father: Joe reined True Hal in the first-ever Monctonian in 1947, and it was then the only major free-for-all race in the Maritimes, and the most prestigious.

Another son, Danny, gave up driving to concentrate on training and caretaking. A daughter, Laurie, is married to trainer Ronnie Matheson, who works out of Jody's Saint John stable. And at least three of Joe Hennessey's nephews are involved in harness racing: Mike Campbell is a noted driver-trainer in Fredericton; Hugh Campbell is a caretaker at the Charlottetown Driving Park; and Kenny Arsenault is a trainer-driver at the Charlottetown track.

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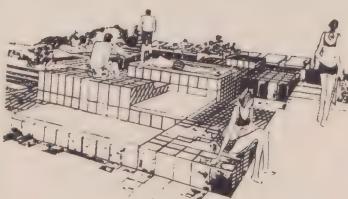
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Tenby, on the Pembrokeshire coast

Climbing high in Wales

The higher you climb in this country, the more you enter its territory

By Peter Gard

The *Carmarthen Times* contained a story about a cat. The *Pembroke County & West Wales Guardian* featured a scare about mutants. First the cat story.

The cat fell victim to a human squabble. A rugby enthusiast arrived at the door of his rooming house in the city of Carmarthen in the early hours of the morning, obviously drunk. His landlady's daughter refused to let him in. In retaliation he picked up the daughter's cat and heaved it a fair distance down the roadway. The cat suffered serious injury. The defence claimed that the accused liked cats, and was petting the animal when it jumped of its own accord.

I suspect that the reporter covering the story was Welsh. Certainly his readership was Welsh, for two-thirds of Carmarthenshire is Welsh speaking. Whatever his nationality he had an eye

for human interest. Dostoyevsky couldn't have covered the case any better. You bled with the cat, shared the daughter's righteous indignation, squirmed with the accused as he faced the court and joined with the judge in bringing down a verdict which, it was hoped, would once and for all end cat throwing in Carmarthenshire.

The mutant story was another matter. There has been a lot of trouble recently in Pembrokeshire with families who run their boats ashore, live on them through the winter and thereby escape paying for municipal services. In Pembrokeshire parlance these boat people are called mutants. The *Guardian* article was a report on the latest incident. A family had grounded their craft in Milford Haven. They claimed that if they were forced to move, their boat would go down and they'd drown. According to the article there were signs of collusion by local shopkeepers who were selling the

mutants provisions. Doubt was expressed that the mutants really had their boat "under repair."

My taste for sentiment had been whetted by the story of the Carmarthen cat. I was hungry for more information. What were the little mutant children doing about schooling? How did the mutants feel about drowning? What were the thoughts of the storekeepers who were selling the mutants supplies? The *Guardian* reporter, however, was laconic. One sensed that he knew the interests of his readers. In spite of its physical location in Wales, Pembrokeshire is an English-speaking county. (In the 1974 reorganization of counties it was combined with Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire to be called, officially, Dyfed.) Pembrokeshire is even called "the little England beyond Wales" on occasion. Its citizens have a long history of interest in property laws and rate structures. They have never been known for their sentiment.

Southwest Wales is a divided country. It has been so since the 12th century. So sharply are the English and Welsh separated that at one time you could walk a path (the *landsker*) between the

two peoples. When the Normans came in 1093 they brought with them a town life and agricultural system alien to the Welsh. They brought with them, too, a different way of thinking. They held on to their conquests by virtue of their castles and punitive legislation. And when the Welsh left they settled their lands with Englishmen and Flemings.

The Welsh retreated to higher ground. There they were able to keep to their old ways. They lived by their own laws, spoke their own language and, if anything, strengthened their sense of separateness as a culture. By the time the English got around to completing their conquest, the Welsh were pretty well inured to having foreign overlords and did not get particularly excited about the prospects of further amalgamation.

When you travel in Wales, it is best to keep the English and Welsh perspectives separate. Visiting Pembroke, for example, I put on my English hat. I followed the advice of my guidebook and was unreserved in my admiration of Pembroke Castle. I paid particular attention to the massive but monotonously symmetrical gatehouse and climbed the five-story round keep. Once the scene of elegant English banqueting, it was now the abode of pigeons. From the keep's slate roof I had a fine view of the town of Pembroke, after 800 years, still huddled on a ridge immediately below the castle. One could still imagine the excitement of Pembroke's toll-hungry burgers as they spotted a coastal ship or Welsh cart heading for their gates and wharfs.

Leaving the keep I descended into a large underground chamber known as the *Wogan*. Its blood-red and sea-green walls looked more romantic than was justified by its use as a granary. My appetite awakened, I searched out the nearest hostelry. This turned out to be the 14th century Old Kings Arms Inn. I learned it was famous for its scallops. The plowman's lunch I had there was certainly excellent.

My appetite more than satisfied, I put on my Welsh hat and headed for St. Govan's Chapel. It does not pay to dig too deeply into the purpose of English castles. Similarly it does not do to enquire too closely as to the authenticity of Welsh saints. The present St. Govan's chapel dates to the 13th century. Unfortunately, so, too, do all the stories related to St. Govan. When the Normans conquered South Wales, they conquered the Welsh Celtic church along with it. There was a mad scramble to fit Welsh saints' lives into new forms. St. David, St. Teilo, St. Petrox and several dozen other of Govan's saintly neighbors were joined to improbable tales much the way people acquire 6/49 lottery numbers.

We know little of any of Wales' Celtic saints and St. Govan is no exception. In fact, his case is worse than many.



The tiny village of Trapp is little more than an inn and this post office

His chapel's isolation, its odd setting halfway down a cliff face, and the saint's good taste in coastal scenery conspired to saddle the holy man with far too many stories. According to one, he was Sir Gawaine, a knight of the round table; according to another, a cook; and according to a third, the wife of a Celtic chieftain! One of the cook stories is my favorite. Govan was sent by St. Ailbe, St. David's uncle, to Rome to do research on Mass forms. He became seriously ill during the sea voyage. When asked by his companions for the cause of his malady, he said it was the sight of them eating.

In later life Govan the cook (or one of his stand-ins) became a hermit and built an ancestor of the present chapel. Like the one I saw, it lay in a cleft of rock, close by a dangerous headland. In return for entertaining a lost Irish king, Govan received a silver bell that he rang during storms to warn off sailors. It is said to have sounded like no other. That, at any rate, was the opinion of Vikings who stole the bell and would have seized St. Govan if he had not had the presence of mind to nip into a crevasse and so be saved. I bet you guessed it. The Vikings didn't get far with the bell but were dashed against the rocks. The bell was



miraculously rescued and buried deep within nearby St. Govan's Head. It can be heard to this day by people with sufficient imagination.

The Pembrokeshire coastal path passes through St. Govan's on its way east to Tenby. The path is not as well known as it should be, possibly because it was not opened until 1970. The National Park that encompasses the trail is 17 years older. The reason for the delay in the trail's opening is simple. It took 16 of those 17 years to assemble the rights of way and to bulldoze the path through the cliffside bramble. Although only 20 miles separate the beginning and the end of the trail, the trail itself is 168 miles in length and follows every nook and cranny of Pembrokeshire's coastline.

I walked a bit east of the chapel and found wave-eaten cliffs, caves, thundering fissures, sea arches and rock outcrops. On the cliffs and offshore rocks perched numerous sorts of birds. About the only thing missing were a few Iron Age hill forts. To pick a section of the trail without hill forts took some doing; all told, the trail passes close to 60 of them. I got as far as Barafundle Bay, which attracted me for its name as much as anything; and then, tempted by a mysterious flight of steps on the far side, I marched over one last rise to have a look at Stackpole Quay. The quay, it turned out, was the work of an 18th century lord who wanted an anchorage for his

yacht. It was the tiniest harbor I've ever seen, with scarcely room for a single boat to find shelter. The day I looked in, a fishing vessel was in residence.

It was getting late and it was time to head home. My host, photographer Roger Vlitos, had promised to prepare for me the most characteristic Welsh meal he could think of. To that end, he had staged a raid, that afternoon, on Carmarthen market. At the market Roger was faced with a quandary: Should he go for the hare, the pheasant or the lamb? In the words of the poet, Thomas Love Peacock, "The mountain sheep are sweeter, but the valley sheep are fatter." Roger opted for the lamb, though he followed the modern fashion of preferring the smaller, mountain variety, which feed on wild thyme. To accompany the lamb, he prepared the one everyday dish of Wales that cannot be readily obtained elsewhere — laverbread. I learned that this was a dark-green viscous substance made from boiling seaweed. He mixed some of the laverbread with lemon and the lamb's gravy to make a sauce. The remainder he fried with oatmeal and bacon to give me a better idea of how laverbread tasted *au naturel*. Some have said it tastes like caviar. Certainly, like caviar, it tastes of the sea and has a salty, slightly sour quality. Leaving appearance aside, it was delicious. For the hungry, that is strong enough recommendation.

Roger heard with impatience my

A herd of wild Welsh ponies

complaint that I had seen no hill forts on the coastal path — in Wales there is no lack of pre-Roman remains. He suggested that I put the Preseli Mountains on my itinerary, but first he wanted to spend a day showing me his neighborhood.

When the Welsh princes of Deheubarth (or Dyfed) were driven from their holdings in Pembrokeshire, they retreated to their eastern domains. These centred on the rich but isolated valley of the Towy River, east of Carmarthen. The greatest of the Deheubarth princes, Rhys ap Gruffydd, Lord of Dinefwr, held the Towy by virtue of his clever imitation of the Normans. He built three castles in the valley and, at Talley, founded Wales' only abbey of the Premonstraten order.

The lowland castles of the Normans protected towns and trade routes. Rhys ap Gruffydd's upland castles showed subtle differences. For one thing, they protected a rural people. They overlook fields and parks and rivers rather than houses and wharfs. Their present ruin only enhances the romance of their setting. Carreg Cennen, in particular, sited on a high mountain crag overlooking an isolated valley, has had its share of admirers. Carreg Cennen, in fact, became our first destination for the obvious reason that it was visible from the foot of Roger's garden.



(Above and below) Lowland Norman castles like Carew protected towns and trade routes; (right) Upland Welsh castles like Carreg Cennen protected a rural people



TRAVEL

There's nothing remarkable to learn about Carreg Cennen's history. It simply happens that its setting is the most spectacular in Wales. From its walls, there is a lovely view of Cennen Brook, the Cennen valley's scattered farms, and the tiny village of Trapp, which is little more than an inn and a post office. The castle is small in size but fanciful in design. Five successive pits and drawbridges bar its entranceway, and there is a secret, dimly lit passageway that descends part-way down the steepest cliff face to a small cave once used as a dovecote. When you get tired of watching the sheep that graze on the castle grounds, you can begin counting the military jets that use Carreg Cennen as a flyby.

When we finished exploring Carreg Cennen, Roger and I drove three miles

north to view Dinefwr, Lord Rhys ap Gruffydd's main residence. Dinefwr is at the edge of a beautiful park overlooking the Towy, about a mile from the compact, attractive market town of Llandeilo. Afterwards we headed down the valley to Dryswlyn, the third of Lord Rhys's constructions, from which there was a fine view of Grongar Hill and Paxton's Tower. Grongar inspired what is generally considered to be the first pre-romantic poem, "Grongar Hill" by John Dyer. Locally, Paxton's Tower is even more famous. The guidebooks suggest it was built to honor Nelson, but in the Towy it's believed to have been built by Paxton to prove to the people of Carmarthenshire that he still had money. He had just spent close to £16,000 on a local election. He bought the good people of Carmarthenshire 11,070 breakfasts, 36,901 dinners, 684 suppers, 25,275 gallons of ale, 11,068 bottles of spirits,

8,879 bottles of porter, 460 bottles of sherry, 569 bottles of cider, 18 guineas' worth of milk punch and £786 worth of ribbons for the ladies. He spent so much money that his constituents figured he had no more money to spend and, by 47 votes, failed to elect him to office.

We were in a part of the Towy valley that has strong Newfoundland associations. It is not far from Dryswlyn that the Vaughans had their estates. William Vaughan in the early 1600s thought to improve the lot of his fellow Welsh by founding a New World colony. Vaughan was nine parts visionary to every part organizer, and we don't know where on the Avalon Peninsula his colony — Cambriol Colchis — was located. Trepassey and Renews are the most likely candidates. Similarly, we don't know if Vaughan himself visited the colony. Possibly the only concrete reminder of Vaughan's dreams is a "Newfound-



land Farm" located somewhere on Vaughan's estates at Golden Grove. Roger and I were unable to find the farm but had no trouble locating the overlarge and hideous Victorian castle that lodged the last of Golden Grove's private owners. The buildings are now an agricultural college.

The next day, we headed for the Preseli Mountains. The Preselis are not mountains in any accepted sense of the word but rather a giant, undulating ridge, much worn by glacial action. Their smooth, barren slopes are broken at irregular intervals by standing stones and odd limestone outcroppings. It is these outcroppings which are the Preselis' most famous sight, for Neolithic man dragged 250 tonnes' worth of exposed Preseli boulder to Salisbury Plain to build Stonehenge. Pentre Ifan, one of the finest megalithic tombs in Great Britain, is in the neighborhood, and so, too,

are two hill forts at Carn Alw, one of which is rare because it used slanted pointed stones in its defences.

From the Preselis, it's a short distance to Nevern, which was once a resting place for pilgrims on their way to St. David's. Nevern has another claim to fame: Its bleeding yews. Believe it or not, yew trees really do bleed. We saw the red sap in the churchyard when we visited. Yew trees near Welsh churches once were commonplace. People used shoots to make the stout longbows which the Welsh used with such effect against the Normans; and, later, in the pay of the Normans, against the French at Crécy and Poitiers. There was a bit of everything at Nevern: A standing stone and a Celtic cross; a late perpendicular church with Victorian renovations; and a 20th century lunch of sweet-and-sour chicken which we ate in a nearby coaching inn, dating back to the 18th

century.

There was still light enough to make the pilgrimage to St. David's. Without its cathedral St. David's would not be remarkable, but with its cathedral, it clocks in as the smallest city in the European Economic Community. It is actually no more than a village. During the Middle Ages, two trips to St. David's to see the relics were worth one trip to Rome — the journeys were of equal difficulty. Pilgrims' offerings built the cathedral in the 12th and 13th centuries. It is not large, but it has its charms. It rests on the lowest point of land available (to keep it out of sight of raiders), and it is the only cathedral I know which possesses a nave with a distinct list (soggy foundations). Next to St. David's the Normans under Bishop Gower built a disproportionately luxurious episcopal palace. But even the palace could not make amends to later bishops for living

TRAVEL

in such an isolated locale. Seventy-five years after it was completed, the palace was scrapped to provide an excuse for the bishop's residence to be moved nearer to Carmarthen.

I had got used to waking up to the sight of Welsh hills enveloped in soft mists. Imagine my surprise in waking up to find that a cold snap had cleared the air and revealed my surroundings. For a change of pace we thought we would make the most of the clear air and head up the Towy in the general direction of the Brecon Beacons. Our first stop, however, was Llandovery, a typical Welsh upland town with strong drover associations.

London's rapid growth in the 18th century created a new market for Welsh foodstuffs. Drovers would bring their livestock down from the hills to be assembled in pens outside Welsh towns like Llandovery. There they would be shod and force-marched to London. Even pigs and geese made the journey with little corgi dogs nipping at their heels. The pigs were shod like cattle. The feet of the geese were coated with tar and pebbles. I saw no geese in pebble booties near Llandovery but I did spot an old drover pen, full of tourist trailers. It is Llandovery's drover past that gave it its role as the birthplace of Lloyds Bank.

Another drover legacy is the town's large number of taverns.

Roger and I stopped just outside Llandovery to see a monument to the taverns. It was a memorial called the Mail Coach pillar. According to its lengthy but entertaining inscription, 41 subscribers built it in 1841 to commemorate the driving skills of the coachman Edward Jenks. Jenks, thoroughly intoxicated, and driving on the wrong side of the road "at full speed or gallop," met a cart coming in the opposite direction. He permitted his lead horse "to turn short round and to the right hand and went down over the precipice 121 feet when at the bottom near the right he came against an ash tree where the coach was dashed into several pieces." The inscription ends on a philosophical note: "I have heard say, where there's a will there is a way; one person cannot assist many but many can assist a few, as this pillar will shew which was suggested, designed and erected by J. Bull inspector of mail coaches, with the aid of 13 pounds 16 shillings and sixpence."

The higher one climbs in Wales the more one enters Welsh territory. Castles and historic towns give way to scattered farmsteads and steeply rolling hillsides.

Turning off the main road at Tretower, we followed a narrow country lane which skirted the Usk valley. The cultivated landscape ended abruptly. In its place, we crossed a grassy windswept barren and caught sight of a herd of wild Welsh ponies. How rapidly Welsh scenery can change in just a few short miles. The lane continued through sheep pastures and over rock hummocks until we once again caught sight of Carreg Cennen, backlit by the setting sun, and as wild and mysterious as ever.

I was to leave South Wales the next day by the 2:30 train out of Carmarthen. By my calculations, that left me just enough time to visit Tenby and Laugharne. Tenby is the birthplace of Robert Record, the Elizabethan inventor of the equal sign. The town is better known as Wales' most picturesque Georgian watering hole. Old photographs show bathing machines lining the beaches. Today, the beaches in winter sport yachts in colorful canvas coverings. As frequently happens in seaside resorts, I lingered too long in shops and narrow streets and reached Laugharne only moments before the town clock, made famous in *Under Milk Wood*, rang an hour perilously close to the time of my departure. Dylan Thomas, I suppose, will have to wait another visit. ☒



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Lets hear it for the CFAs

If you'll only listen, even a refugee from Hog Town may have something to contribute

Who's that hairy-headed creep," a Halifax viewer demanded by phone when I first appeared on the supertime talk-show *Gazette*, "and what rock did he crawl out from under? He sounds like he's from Toronto." Since the CBC switchboard handled such calls, I never got a chance to plead, "Yes, yes, I'm sorry, I'm guilty, I'll sing, the jig's up. I forced my mother to give birth to me in the Western General Hospital on Bathurst Street in, ugh, Hog Town. I've lived with the hideous shame of my birthplace for more than 40 years now but listen, I beg of you, my father was born in Guysborough county, and his father farmed and fished herring, and wore real rubber boots. Doesn't that count for anything?"

My TV career was short. Returning to print, I wrote a column about doltish sales clerks in a building-supplies store in Halifax, suggesting that no self-respecting Toronto store would retain such slommocky ownshooks (see the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*) for longer than it took to tell them they weren't worth two cents to jingle on a tombstone. Well, what a kashittery (see *The South Shore Phrase Book*) I aroused! The way the crank calls came in you'd have thought I'd said Joseph Howe molested children, Robert Stanfield sold secrets to the KGB, and Angus MacAskill wore elevator shoes.

The infuriated callers, however, did not say I was as wet as dung about the sales clerks in that Halifax store (which, incidentally, soon went belly up). No, they didn't bother to defend this local industry because, to them, my point was not the point — which was that I, as rank newcomer, had the effrontery to crap on a Halifax business. I had bad-mouthed something Nova Scotian without having served my apprenticeship as a Nova Scotian. (I'm not sure how long this apprenticeship is supposed to last but an old man, born in Lunenburg, once told me the townsfolk there had never regarded him as a true Lunenburger because his father had come from P.E.I.)

I ran into similar myopia when I ridiculed then-premier Gerald A. Regan in *Saturday Night* magazine. Regan — or "Gabby," as his buddies used to call him — was sore as a boil over my article, and one of his aides told me, "If only you'd been living here a little longer, he wouldn't have been so pissed off." In moving down east, had I fumbled my future? Did the celebrated friendliness of these smiling natives mask some bowel-

deep hatred of outspoken strangers? I was a writer. I was from a city that expected to read raucous criticism of politicians and institutions, and tolerated millions of newcomers. The newcomers endured labels, to be sure, but native Torontonians never called them Come From Aways (CFAs). Could I be happy in a society where simply writing nasty things about local situations drew midnight calls demanding, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?"

When a young woman spoke from the floor at a public meeting about a zoning proposal, a Halifax alderman asked where she'd been born. "Montreal," she replied. "Well, why don't you just go back there then?" the alderman snapped. She sat down, a victim of Birthplace Bigotry. The question that had humiliated her was among the most pervasive and stupid in human affairs. Asking it, the alderman demonstrated all the intelligence of the meatheads who urged North American blacks to "go back to Africa."

If the woman had been so recent an arrival that she'd revealed herself as grossly ignorant of the facts and history of the zoning controversy, then the alderman might fairly have tackled her simply because her case was shoddy. Instead, he went for the birthplace jugular. His question was an attack based on nothing more than the mean-minded notion that it was impertinent for a young Montrealer to speak in Halifax about a Halifax concern. But she was a Canadian citizen at a public meeting in a Canadian city and, even if the alderman's bluenose pedigree went all the way back to a time before the French Revolution (as mine does, incidentally), I wish he'd bitten his tongue. She had the right to be there, and the right to speak there.

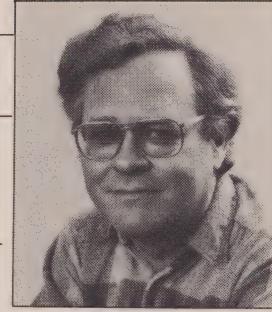
Many Maritimers and Newfoundlanders distrust outsiders. After all, isn't the world full of snake-oil peddlers, smooth-talking seducers, mendacious carpetbaggers, oily con artists, and all manner of mesmerising racketeers who, given half a chance, would strip you down to your last set of Stanfield's Unshrinkables? And wasn't it a bunch of Upper Canadian persuaders who sucked the region into their corrupting confederation, and later proved their treachery again and again? After Kenneth Bagnell of Glace Bay had established himself in the Toronto media, he recalled his Upper Canadian classmates at Mount Allison University in the mid-

Fifties as chaps who wore white shoes and "stole your girl." So you see, there is no atrocity that outsiders, particularly Upper Canadians, will not commit in Atlantic Canada.

East coast Canadians certainly aren't the only ones who resent controversial CFAs. Jacobo Timerman, a Jewish editor, suffered official persecution in Argentina, won sanctuary in Israel, wrote a book to express his horror over Israel's invasion of Lebanon ("I can only relieve myself by vomiting for this Israel which wants to be like South Africa"), and immediately suffered a blizzard of abuse on grounds he'd not been in the country long enough to say such things. His sanctuary, he sadly concluded, had a "ghetto mentality."

When *The Globe and Mail* published a screed about Canadian authors by John Metcalf, a Canadian citizen for 13 years, novelist W.P. Kinsella complained in a letter to the editor that "Mr. Metcalf — an immigrant — continually and in the most galling manner has the temerity to preach to Canadians about their own literature." I disliked Metcalf's hacking at writers I admired, but I disliked Kinsella's attitude even more. "Thirty years ago, while working on a construction site in Alberta," a *Globe* reader named Eric Wright wrote, "I was called a DP and told to keep my mouth shut and be grateful. Now, I gather, Mr. Kinsella would call me an immigrant, with the same advice. Let's keep it clean, boys. Mr. Metcalf is entitled to his opinions, whatever his origins."

Ill-informed Come From Aways who arrogantly lecture locals are certainly foolish. But narrow-minded locals who huffily dismiss all CFAs' opinions are also foolish. They're rejecting the chance to learn something useful. It's good for a country to have ideas ricocheting from coast to coast. Halifax, for instance, owes its charm not solely to its native-born folk but also to gangs of CFAs in the arts, business, government, science and education, not to mention the proprietorship of Greek, Italian, Indian and Chinese restaurants. Halifax is fortunate its CFAs never took the bigoted advice to go back where they came from. To one degree or another, so are communities throughout the region. Remember, too, that somewhere in the lineage of every Canadian alive today there lurk ancestors who were brave enough or desperate enough to join the massive and endless ranks of history's Come From Aways.



Lamb, leeks and St. David

By Pat Lotz

Every year, on March 1, Carol Millington gives a Welsh dinner to celebrate the patron saint of Wales, St. David. She invites "friends with a Celtic background and friends who love to eat."

Millington was born in the little Welsh village of Bronllys, not far from the English border. She learned to cook from her mother, "a good, plain cook," and her grandmother. "My mother wasn't interested in baking. When we wanted something special, we went to Granma's house." Among the recipes Millington shares with *Insight* readers is her grandmother's recipe for Welsh cakes. "Every Welsh woman has her own recipe for Welsh cakes," Millington explains.

She started training as a nurse in 1958 at the hospital in nearby Crickhowell, "but I didn't finish. I got married instead." She and her husband came to Canada in 1964, where they settled in Hantsport, N.S. Ten years ago, Millington moved to Halifax, where she now lives with daughter, Anita, 22, and 13-year-old son Caradoc (Crad to his friends). She works at the Vehicle Safety Research Centre at the Technical University of Nova Scotia, and in her spare time, when she's not cooking, she walks and gardens. This year she's determined to succeed where she's failed before: To grow Wales' national emblem and favorite vegetable, leeks.

Cawl

(Basic Soup)

2 lbs best end of lamb neck (if lamb is not available, replace with stewing beef)
2 onions, sliced
bay leaf, pepper, salt
1 lb. bacon (do not substitute)
1 lb. leeks
1 lb. onions
1 lb. carrots
1 lb. rutabaga or turnips

In skillet, brown meat on all sides and remove to a soup pot. Add onion, bay leaf, salt, pepper and enough water to cover (about 3 or 4 cups). Simmer until meat is tender (approx. 1 hour). Strain broth, remove meat from the bones and set aside. Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry it in the cleaned skillet. Transfer the cooked bacon to the strained broth in the soup pot. Chop the vegetables and add onions, carrots, and rutabaga or turnips. Return meat to the broth and cook mixture until the vegetables are tender. Add the leeks and cook until they are soft. Served with fresh bread and a salad, this is a meal in itself.

Minted Lamb Pie

2-3 lbs. lean lamb

1 lb. mushrooms
small white skinned onions or
3 medium onions cut into quarters
mint
bay leaf
salt, pepper
1 cup cooked peas

Trim fat and skin from lamb and cut meat into 1 1/2-inch pieces. Place in pot with onion and seasonings and cover with water. Simmer meat until tender. Strain and reserve liquid for gravy. Thicken with flour or cornstarch and color with Kitchen Bouquet to a nice rich brown. Add mushrooms and peas to meat, and cover with enough gravy to moisten the mixture. Line a 10-inch pie dish with pastry (recipe follows). Brush egg white over pastry to prevent soggy bottom. Add meat and vegetable mixture and cover with second layer of pastry. Make a few small incisions to allow steam to escape. Cook in a preheated 375°F. oven until pastry is golden brown.

Never Fail Pastry

4 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 lb. shortening
1 cup water
1 egg
1 tbsp. cider vinegar

Sift flour with salt and cut in shortening until mixture resembles bread crumbs. Beat egg, add water and vinegar. Make a well in the flour mixture and add enough liquid to mix the flour to a consistency that it is easy to handle and roll out. Two-thirds of this recipe will be enough to make the lamb pie. You can store the rest in your fridge for up to 2 weeks.



Millington: More than a "good, plain cook"

Creamed Leeks

1 bunch leeks (3-4)
Butter
1/2 cup sour cream
light cream

Trim most of the green tops from leeks and cut remainder up into small pieces. Wash and drain well. Melt some butter in a skillet and cook leeks until tender. (If you wish, you can add a couple of tablespoons of white wine or vermouth at this stage.) Remove skillet from heat, add the sour cream and blend well. Add enough light cream to get a thick sauce consistency. Reheat, taking care not to boil or cream will curdle. Season to taste. Serve immediately.

Malvern Pudding

1 lb. apples
2 oz. butter
1 oz. flour
2 oz. sugar
grated rind of small lemon
3/4 pint milk
1 egg, beaten
2 oz. demerara sugar
1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Peel, core and slice apples and place in saucepan with 1 oz. sugar and 1 oz. butter. Cook over low heat until soft. Remove from heat, stir in lemon peel and transfer to an oven-proof serving dish. Meanwhile, make a sauce. Melt 1 oz. butter in saucepan, stir in flour and cook gently for 2 minutes. Add milk a little at a time, bring to a boil stirring all the time and then simmer for 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add 1 oz. sugar and beaten egg a little at a time. Cook for 1 minute and pour over apples. For topping, mix together demerara sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle over the sauce. Dot with knobs of butter and broil until sugar has caramelized. Serve hot or cold.

Welsh Cakes

4 cups flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup margarine
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 cup raisins or currants
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup milk

Sift together first 3 ingredients. Rub in butter and margarine. Add sugar and mix well. Add raisins or currants, mixing with hands until all the raisins are separated. Add eggs to cup of milk and pour into flour. Mixture should be the consistency of soft pastry. Refrigerate. Roll out mixture, a half at a time, on a well-floured board (dough should be about 1/3-inch thick). Cut into rounds and leave to reach room temperature before cooking. Cover the bottom of a heavy skillet with a thin layer of vegetable oil and heat to about 350°F. Cook Welsh cakes one side at a time, taking care not to burn them. Cool on wire racks. Sprinkle with sugar to serve.



OLKS

I love color," says Fredericton, N.B., artist **Gertrude Duffie**. "I use it to create form and life." Duffie has teamed with weaver **Ivan Crowell** to create a series of vivid tapestries depicting the city's lively history. The project, their personal contribution to New Brunswick's Bicentennial this year, is consuming thousands of hours, but that's nothing new for either artist. "Some days I get so involved in my painting I

Duffie and Crowell: Brightening a council chamber

Bishop with her collection of marionettes

even forget to eat," Duffie says. Crowell, 80, says he doesn't mind donating his time to the city. "Senior citizens don't need money," he says. "What we do need is a reason to get up each morning." Working at his loom 10 hours a day, Crowell follows Duffie's designs, which are derived from a history of Fredericton by the late Austin Squires. The project will eventually encompass 40 separate tapestries that will hang from the front of the public gallery at city hall. They should brighten a council chamber where most of the color, so far, has been rhetorical.

Axel, a tiny, black basketball player with a cool walk and a wicked slam-dunk, isn't quite as famous yet as the Harlem Globetrotters. For a guy with a wooden heart, though, he's been around. He's part of a collection of marionettes and puppets created by **Heather Bishop**, 23, of Truro, N.S., who conceives, de-



DON JOHNSON

Goldsmith: "I don't tell jokes"

signs, builds and performs her own shows, mostly in schools and at private parties throughout Nova Scotia. Bishop, who's based in Halifax, began learning the art of puppetry at age nine from her mother. She developed her craft while attending school and Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., where she made a name for herself with Axel, and finally made puppetry her living, beginning as a street performer in Ottawa's Sparks Street Mall. "There is a certain spirit in a puppet, but you can't define it until you've worked with it," she says, explaining why she spends about seven weeks building and rehearsing her most complex creations, her wooden, stringed marionettes. Three of them, including Axel, recently appeared on CBC television's *Night East* show of regional talent.

Her latest marionette will be called *Gretchen of Grand Pré*, a character from a book by Halifax writer Lilla Stirling. Working with the author, Bishop hopes soon to develop her first full-length marionette play, perhaps for television.



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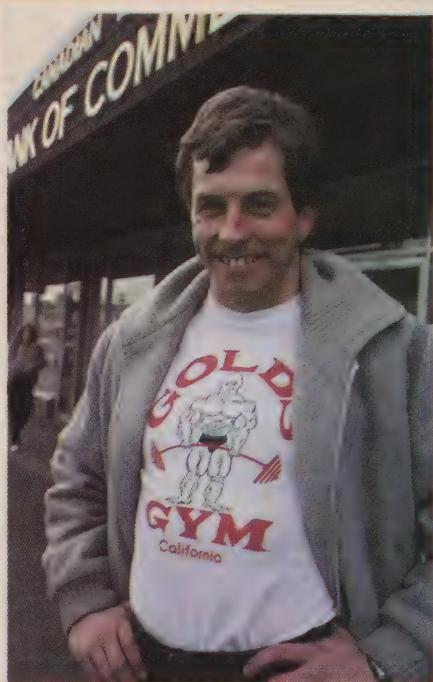
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A supplement to Atlantic Insight March 1984





PETER LUTTLE

Nicholson tackled a bank robber

When people meet Saint John, N.B., businessman **Lloyd Goldsmith** for the first time, they often expect him to crack a joke. (He doesn't.) And they keep asking him what Woody Allen is *really* like, and whether Jackie Gleason eats on the job. Goldsmith, president of the clothing store company Calps, worked for four years as a comedy writer in New York. The son of a Brooklyn, N.Y., clothing manufacturer, Goldsmith studied for an education degree at university, where he was editor of a campus humor magazine. After his release from the army, he decided to try comedy writing for a living. With a partner, he wrote for many rising comedians in New York nightclubs and supper clubs, helped write an off-Broadway show starring Charles Nelson Riley and signed a contract with Jackie Gleason's TV show. But the network cancelled that show, and Goldsmith's father-in-law, Abe Calp, recruited him into the family business. These days, he refuses to try to make anybody laugh. "I don't tell jokes," he says. "Comedy writing is a serious business."

The day **Steven Nicholson**, 25, captured a bank robber with a flying tackle, he was simply minding his own business. Nicholson, who grew up in Halifax but who works as a carpenter in North Vancouver, B.C., was withdrawing money from the card machine outside a Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce branch in North Vancouver when someone yelled: "Stop that man. He's robbed the bank." Without pausing to think it over, Nicholson dashed after the robber, who by then had a one-block lead. Aided by his background as an amateur athlete (his father, Doug, is a hockey player and coach, and Steven and his five brothers played a lot of badmin-

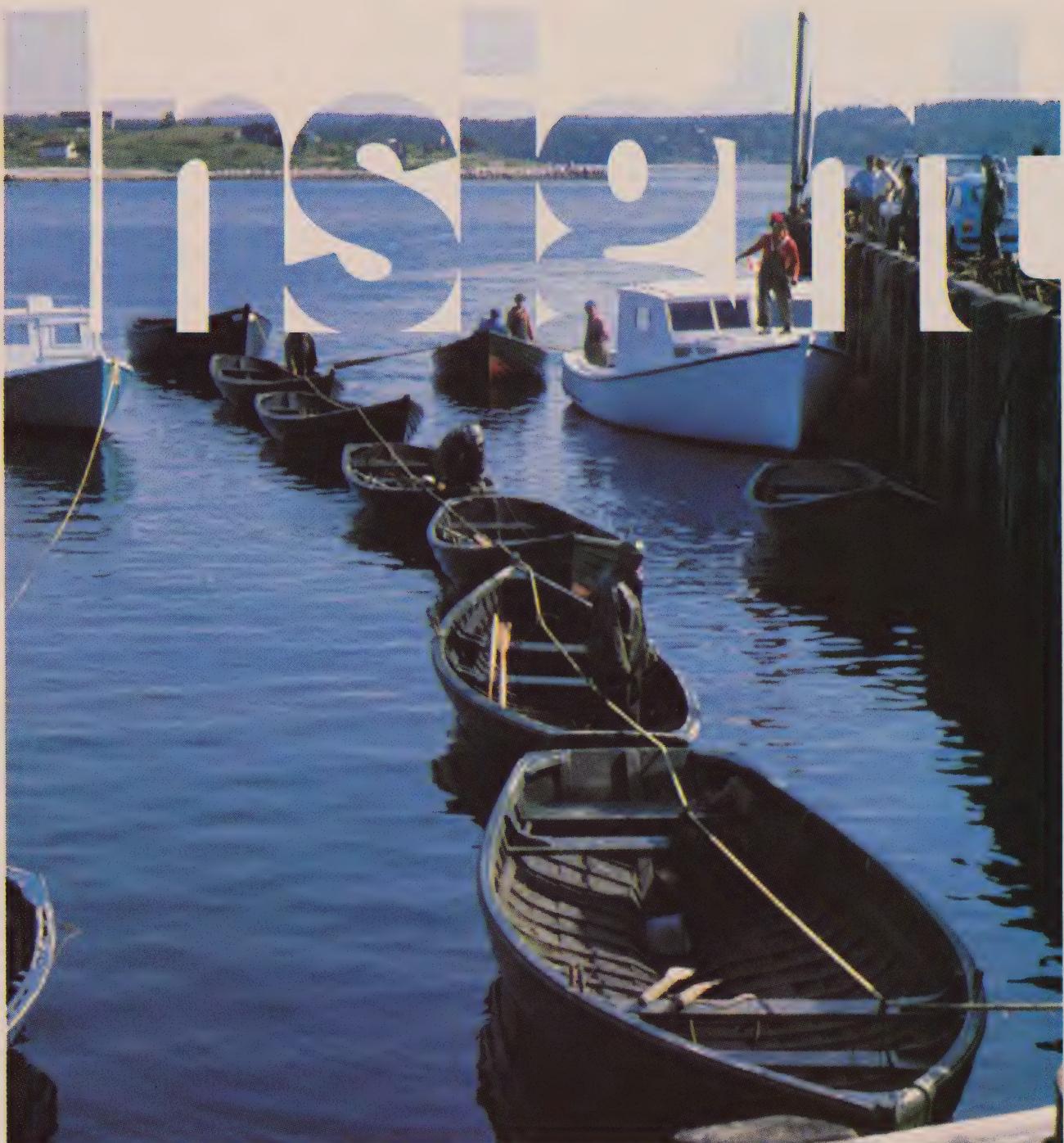
ton, hockey and football), Nicholson, who's five-foot-10 and 180 pounds, caught up with the holdup man and tackled him in a parking lot. Despite warnings from the robber that he'd shoot, Nicholson and a bystander subdued him until police arrived. For that feat, the bank recently gave Nicholson a \$750 reward. "I guess it was a foolhardy thing to do," he says, "but it turned out all right."

When Rose Tweel, Marj Shama, Barb Tawee, Helen A. Michael and Helen J. Michael visit nursing homes and hospitals in Charlottetown, they don't arrive bearing flowers and baskets of fruit. They bring musical instruments and sheet music. Tweel, leader of the musical group called The Gems, says the five women, all from Charlottetown's Lebanese community, have sung and played in "just about every institution in Charlottetown" in the past decade. They sing a variety of popular songs, accompany themselves on piano, drums, maracas and tambourine, and pass around sheet music and rhythm instruments to anybody who wants to join in. The Gems make a point of dressing formally in long skirts or gowns whenever they perform. "I feel a lot of the people we visit find it a treat that we've taken the time to get dressed up for

them," Tweel says. Gertrude Purdy, activity director at Garden Nursing Home in Charlottetown, concurs. "They're really a ray of sunshine," she says. "I think it's probably as much the personality and friendliness of The Gems, as it is their singing." Tweel says the five women have a wonderful time. "It's a community thing. Instead of belonging to the hospital auxiliary, I do this. The satisfaction is tremendous." ☒



The Gems (L-R): Tweel, Helen A. and Helen J. Michael, Tawee and Shama

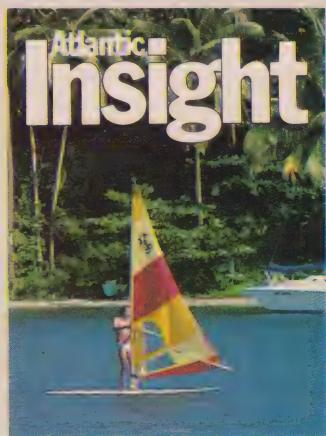


Regional Insight

Atlantic Insight is proudly a regional magazine. Reporting on and to the people of the four Atlantic provinces. And the how we do it is just as important as the what or the why. Our correspondents live and work in the provinces they cover. They understand the concerns and the needs of the people, *because they share those concerns and needs*. Now, with over 250,000 readers every month, our regional trials, tribulations and triumphs are getting the attention they deserve. *Atlantic Insight* — the world-class regional magazine.

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MORE THAN JUST A NEWS MAGAZINE





THIRD GENERATION OCEAN GIANTS

New breeds of cargo ships are now berthing in Halifax harbour. Longer and wider than the luxury liners of a bygone era, they carry almost as many 20-foot containers as the legendary Queen Mary's normal passenger complement. To help make ends meet, the new merchant giants also accommodate 900 imported cars and trucks.

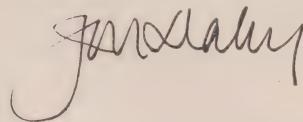
This article is the first in a series of special reports commissioned by Atlantic Insight from both the public and private sectors.

They are designed to provide perspectives — both historical and future — on the options for economic development in Atlantic Canada.

While they do not reflect the editorial views of Atlantic Insight, they are intended to provide an open forum for considered opinion on this vital topic.

In light of this dedication, submissions are invited.

It is our hope that the series will stimulate a fermentation of creative thinking among decision makers in the region.



J. M. Daley
Publisher

By Harry Taynor

There's an old Scottish superstition about the luck, good or bad, that follows in the wake of the first person across the threshold on the first day of the year.

A fair-haired visitor who comes empty handed is considered a bad omen.

But should the first foot in the doorway be that of a dark person, bearing in one hand an edible gift,

and in the other, a lump of coal, then, according to Highland legend the months ahead are sure to be blessed with good fortune.

Nova Scotians who believe in such signs and portents must have been relieved when Husky Oil's *Bonavista Bay* sailed into Halifax harbour at 0245 hours on January 1st.

The name Husky Oil conjures up visions of black gold. And what could be more appropriate than a supply ship, to bring promise of future prosperity to the province?

As though to add credibility to Gaelic interpretations of Auld and New Year activities, Mobil's supply ship *Seaforth Highlander* had sailed from Halifax exactly 45 minutes before the bells ushered in 1984. And during the third week of the first month, didn't energy minister Jean Chretien confirm new drilling activity in Nova Scotia waters? Some reports put the cash investment at \$421 million. This is in addition to the \$1.7 billion already allocated for natural gas exploration.

There was more positive evidence of the economic health of Nova Scotia in the 0805 hours departure on January 1st of the *Malvin H. Baker* from the National Gypsum Limited dock in the Bedford Basin.

During 1983 some 2,312,828 tonnes of gypsum were shipped, the bulk to U.S. Atlantic ports. Sales showed a 27 per cent improvement over the previous year, with United States customers increasing their orders by 19 per cent, and deliveries to Montreal also establishing new records.

The 40-hectare gypsum plant and storage facilities on the east side of the Bedford Basin are not included in conducted tours of local beauty spots, nor is a heavily laden gypsum carrier among the most graceful vessels afloat. What is impressive, though, is the

commercial value of Nova Scotia gypsum deposits: they rank among the world's richest and are widely used by agriculturists, and in the production of plaster of paris and portland cement.

There is a distinct possibility that Nova Scotia gypsum will be shipped through the Panama Canal to U.S. Pacific ports. Should this new slice of business materialize, Canada's gain would be at the expense of another foreign supplier.

That bright prospect, however, must be weighted against the sudden cessation of cement shipments to Florida. From a sizeable operation in 1982, involving 188,821 tonnes or eight shiploads, sales dropped to zero. According to some sources, Spain came up with a more attractive bid.

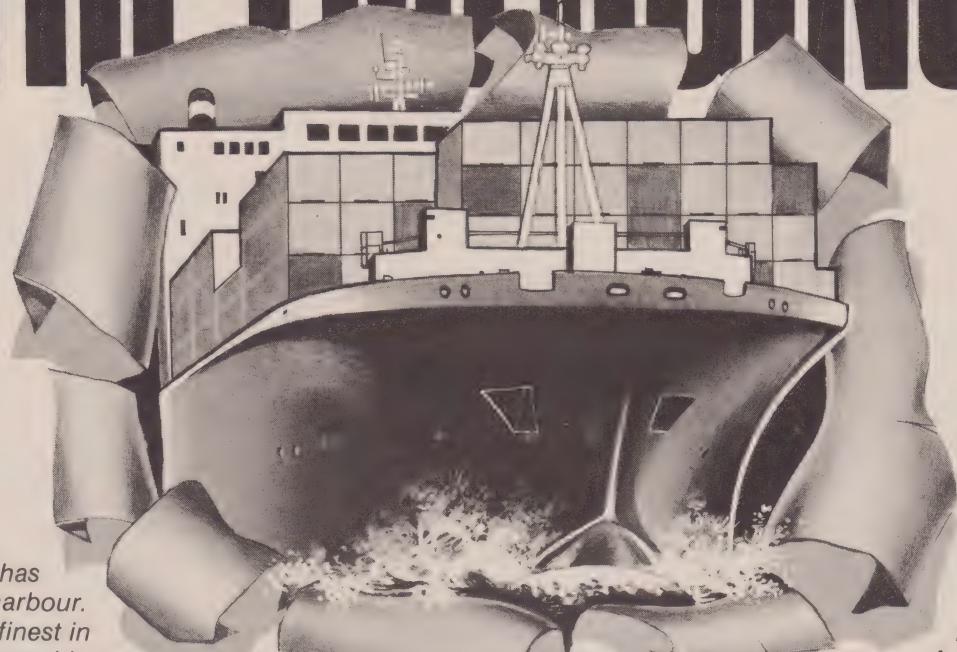
Nova Scotia gypsum and cement, important as they are, account for only a small proportion of Halifax waterfront activity. The radar station on George's Island, immediately opposite the offices of port officials, plotted 2,422 commercial vessels during 1983, an increase of 302 over the previous year. In addition, ship gross tonnage rose 3,188,000 tonnes to 22,249,000. The total volume of cargo handled also improved — from 11,198,646 tonnes (1982) to 12,472,356 tonnes. Bulk cargoes and container shipments contributed to the overall increase and more than compensated for a 14,434 tonne drop in break-bulk cargoes.

Missing from all recent analytical studies of the Halifax area economy are two statistics which offer valuable clues to the volume of harbour traffic in the years ahead.

The numbers in question — 157.87

Harry Traynor is employed by the Department of Regional Industrial Expansion in Ottawa

THE EMERGING



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- Barber Blue Sea • Atlantic Searoute Ltd. • St. Pierre Ro-Ro
- Saguenay Shipping • Nordana Line



The home port of Canada's East Coast Naval Fleet, originally constructed in 1759.

and 164.99 — are the clearances in feet below the MacDonald and MacKay bridges.

European, Korean and Japanese shipbuilders are familiar with height restrictions in the world's major waterways. Indeed, the overhead clearance problem has become so acute that the latest ocean giants have been designed with mastheads that can be lowered to a horizontal position on the approach to harbour bridges. Incidentally, the actual height above water of the MacDonald and MacKay centre sections vary according to prevailing temperatures and traffic loads.

Container ships berthing at the original Halterm terminal on the seaward side of the port need not be concerned by the existence of the two bridges.

linking Halifax and Dartmouth.

Super-Containers

But in this first quarter of 1984, two new types of cargo vessels, the largest of their kind in existence, open a new chapter in Nova Scotia maritime history. Operated by ACL (Atlantic Container Line), a four-nation consortium, and by West Germany's Hapag-Lloyd, № 2 among the world's container ship operators, the new freighters will use the Fairview Cove terminal in the Bedford Basin.

To banish any suspicion that the use of superlatives might be simply an example of journalistic licence, it's worth mentioning that few if any transatlantic liners on regular service to Halifax during the 1919-39 period had dimensions as impressive as those of the new merchant fleets.

At the conclusion of the Royal tour in 1939, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth boarded the *Empress of Bri-*

tain at Halifax. When not shuttling lesser mortals across the Atlantic, the Canadian Pacific luxury liner specialized in 4-month around-the-world cruises, and with a length of 758 feet and width of 97 feet was one of the largest ships through the Panama and Suez canals.

But ACL's third generation cargo ships are 62 feet longer and six feet wider than the *Empress of Britain*.

Haligonians with long memories will quote, of course, the vital statistics of the two ships that carried more than two million servicemen during World War II. The *Queen Mary* is 1,018 feet from bow to stern, and her hull measures 118 feet across. The *Queen Elizabeth* stretched to 1,031 feet and had the same beam dimensions as her sister ship.

Snapshots of the two Queens in drab wartime camouflage paint have pride of place in many Halifax family albums. And for those sentimentalists



who need little excuse to indulge in nostalgia, what better treat than to see a new breed of ocean giants operated by an international consortium that includes the name of Nova Scotia's most illustrious seafarer?

Samuel Cunard launched his shipping line in Halifax in 1840. Cunard pioneered regular four-season steamship services across the Atlantic, built up the world's largest passenger fleet and commissioned liners that captured and held the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic for more than a quarter of a century.

Today, the Cunard Steam-Ship Company has a 20 per cent shareholding in Atlantic Container Line and presently operates the *Atlantic Causeway*, a second generation ACL vessel.

Cunard's *Queen Mary* set an all-time record when she carried 16,683 American servicemen during a crossing to Britain in 1943. But her normal peacetime passenger complement was 2,139. In contrast, a second generation ACL ship sets course for North America with a miscellany of items, such as 900 cars, trucks and buses, plus 700, 20-foot containers, each weighing 14-16 tonnes, plus as many as 120, 40-foot trailers laden with combine harvesters, factory air conditioning units, die-cutting machinery, printing presses and deep sea yachts.

What has not changed since the halcyon days of Cunarder supremacy in the North Atlantic is the problem of over capacity. For most of this century, except in time of war, ship payloads have been critically low. Of the dozen or more floating palaces of the 1920s and 1930s, only the *Queen Mary* consistently showed a profit.

In spite of generous government loans and subsidies — granted because national prestige was at stake — the French *Ile de France*, Italy's *Rex* and Adolf Hitler's pride, the *Bremen*, battled against ebb tides of prosperity. The *Empress of Britain* was a financial flop on the Southampton-Quebec City run. And whilst many shipping experts enthused that no ship more fair had ever roamed the deep blue sea, accountants insisted that the *Empress of Britain* was always wallowing in red ink. She failed to show handsome profits even when world cruise passengers paid a minimum of \$2,000 for a berth or \$16,000 (a fortune in the Depressed Thirties) for a private suite.

Impact of Air Travel

It might be argued that the death knell of luxury passenger liners first sounded in 1919, when Alcock and



Brown took off from St. John's, Newfoundland, and flew non-stop to Ireland.

Similar claims are made for the transatlantic flying boat service inaugurated in 1937 by British and American operators. Shipping line stockholders got their first real scare in 1946. Veterans of World War II had generated so much interest in Europe that some 650,000 Americans ventured across the Atlantic in piston-engine airliners during that first year of peace.

One didn't need a computer to calculate that 650,000 air passengers might have filled 350 ocean liners.

Even more devastating for people with vested interests in shipping was the dramatic contraction of continents and oceans by the world's first jetliner. The 4-engine de Havilland Comet launched a scheduled service, London to South Africa, in 1952, and suddenly North Americans realized that the Atlantic had been reduced to a 7-8 hour journey which could now be completed



Gantry cranes (above and left) make vital contribution to increased productivity, handling 25 containers or 400 tonnes/hour.

high above weather turbulence that had daunted so many air travellers.

Five years later the Boeing 707 went into regular service. By 1962 Canada and the U.S. were transatlantic terminals for two million airline passengers.

Some Nova Scotians imagined that the build-up of world air traffic was as remote from their everyday existence as the familiar jetliner vapour trails high above their heads. Halifax harbour officials, stevedores, railway employees, caterers, shopkeepers, restaurant owners and dozens of local business establishments knew better: they were among the first victims of the wasting disease that gripped passenger shipping.

Faced with the inevitable scrapping of money-losing prestige vessels, shipping companies sought financial salvation in major overhauls of their cargo operations.

It was the mid-1960s, a time before it became fashionable to prescribe computerization as the panacea for all industrial maladies. Relying upon simple remedies, the men at the helm of the shipping industry decided to resort

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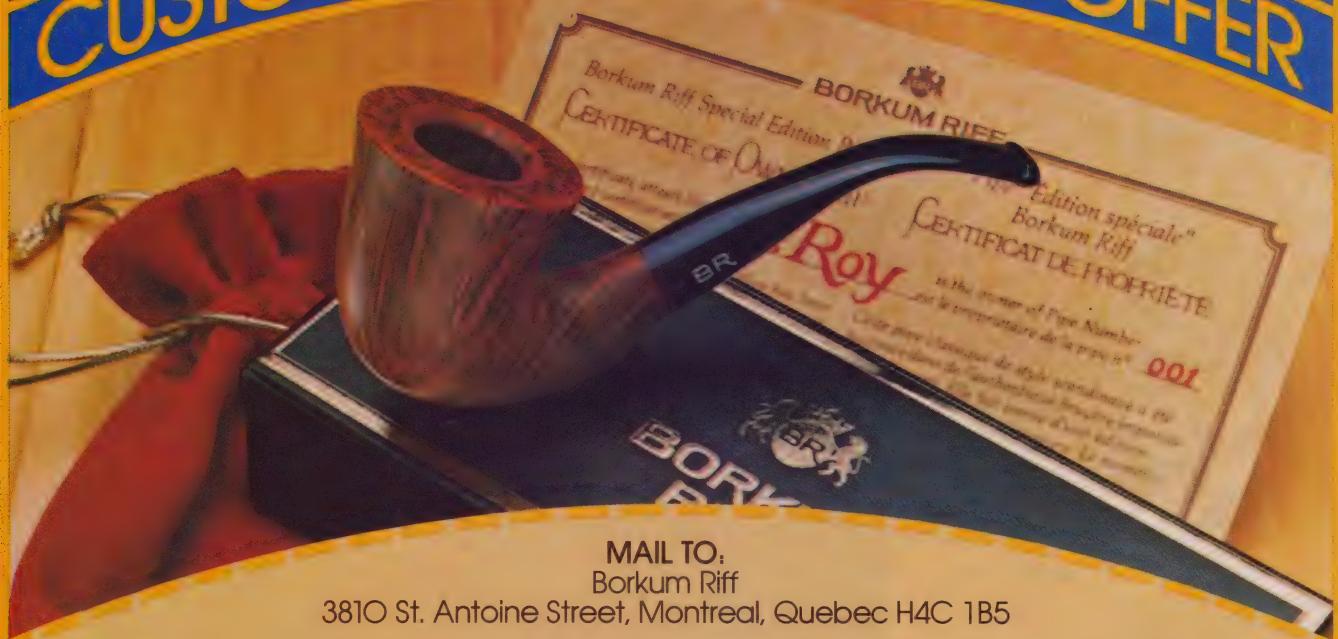
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to elementary surgery: they would chop, chop, chop, regardless of the self-inflicted pain.

Containers: A Simple Solution

The initial cure was not computer aided, nor did any other microelectronic marvel help to turn the economic tide. The first real breakthrough for shipowners was a box, a simple rectangular container which started life as a road truck but had been cannibalized until only the container section survived for further duty.

It was simple to load with smallish manufactured products; could be securely locked against pilferage; allowed for easy lifting and laying, and did not present problems to those road or rail carriers who would have to get it to harbour. Dockside cranes would smoothly lower it onto a deck or into a ship's hold. On some distant shore the lifting, laying and moving processes would be repeated until the no-frills, no-ribbon box reached its ultimate destination.

Thus was born what many experts regard as the greatest revolution in merchant shipping since Haligonian Samuel Cunard persuaded Scottish shipyards to back his faith in their engineering and build an armada of steamships.

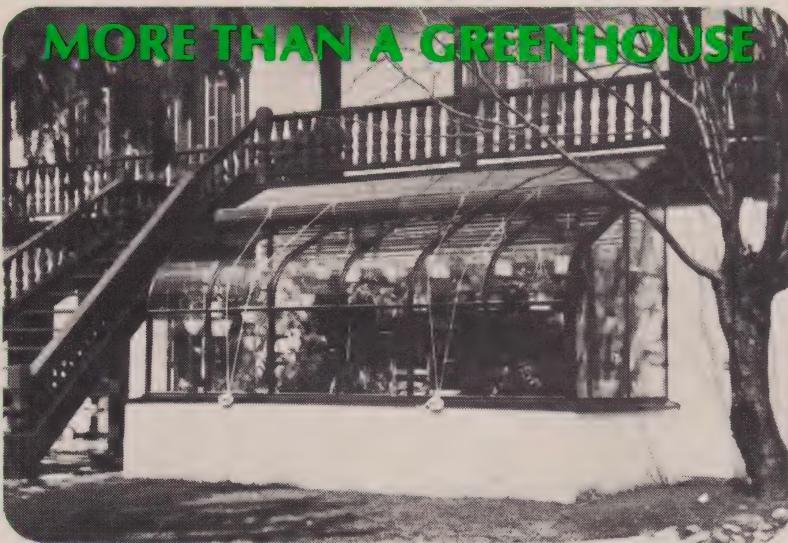
Although Canada had no major role in the development of container vessels, those port officials who pressured federal, provincial and local governments into making very substantial investments in the facilities and equipment necessary to attract container business, are deserving of accolades.

Some of the essential quayside cranes and wheeled, container cradles were operational in 1968 at Montreal, Halifax, Saint John, Quebec City and Vancouver. At that time, only three fully containerized vessels were on the high seas. It had taken shipping lines fully 17 years to reach even that phase of the cargo transport revolution. But international momentum was now quickening with a vengeance: 16 container ships were in service by 1969, and orders for another 47 had been



The Imperial Oil Refinery (top) has been a Dartmouth landmark since February, 1918. The CN roundhouse, yards and sidings in Fairview cove (bottom) handle 6,000 rail cars.

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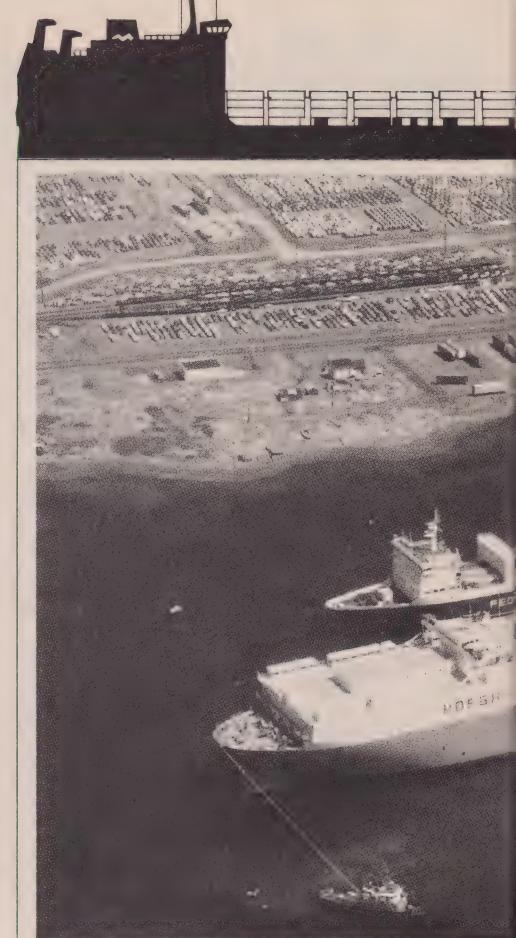
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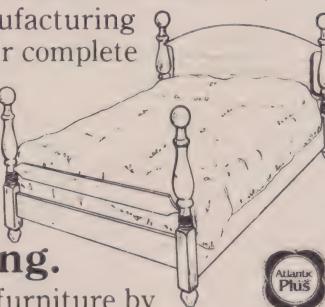
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placed with shipyards in Europe, Japan and Britain.

The 1969 model container was basically the same as the original box salvaged from an old U.S. truck back in 1951. That first makeshift container had been shipped as fast-to-load deck cargo.

Standardization of Units

As more and more exporters began to see merit in the new cargo-packaging concept, logic prevailed in respect to container sizes. It was agreed that international standardization would be based upon the average dimensions of road and rail vehicles used in the initial collection and in the final stages of delivery. Major world shippers chose two container sizes: 20-ft x 8-ft. x 8-ft. and 40-ft. x 8-ft. x 8-ft.

This simple, commonsense approach, called for significant capital investments. Ships which had been designed to carry general cargoes were converted for container traffic — but each vessel refit simply strengthened arguments that naval architects must start with a clean sheet and design expressly for ocean container traffic.

The necessity for functional design



resulted in holds being lined with metal rails or slots which permitted the instant, and storm-proof securing of row upon row of containers.

There also had to be provision for temperature control within individual containers carrying a variety of goods — French wines, New Zealand lamb, Australian beef, Swiss cheese, Canadian fish, Italian grapes and Israeli oranges, for example.

First generation container ships built in the Far East cost somewhere in the region of \$50 million each. They could accommodate 1,000 20-foot containers, were diesel powered, and cruised at 16-18 knots.

Although the Halifax ocean terminal had been able to cope with the world's largest passenger ships, the new container load factors necessitated the construction of rock and concrete-reinforced piers and storage areas. Gantry cranes (minimum requirement, two per pier) had \$5.5 million price tags, and railcar loading cranes cost \$1 million each.

The 24-hectare container terminal operated by *Halterm Limited* at the mouth of Halifax harbour is equipped with three gantry cranes, six railcar loading cranes, 18 tractors, 15 trailers and three heavy-duty lift trucks.

In round figures, container ships are four times more expensive than their general cargo predecessors. They are also eight times more cost efficient.

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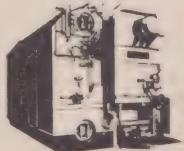


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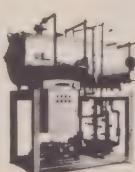
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Hinged stern door is lowered to permit roll-off egress of vehicles.

Container vessels operate with smaller crews (normally fewer than 20). Engine rooms are fully automated. Tugboat assistance is minimal, thanks to bow and stern propellers (thrusters) on the sides of the hull which permit precise manoeuvring at slow speeds and close to piers.

The revolutionary aspect of the container system is the deceptively simple, 20-foot box which holds an average 16 tonnes of merchandise.

In the pre-container era, 16 dockers would load an average 30 tonnes of general cargo per hour. But if the cargo is containerized, the same manpower strength, using specially designed lifting equipment, can handle 25 containers, or 400 tonnes per hour.

When harbour productivity jumps from 30 tonnes to 400 tonnes per hour, the ship involved is usually able to berth, unload, load and set sail in less

than 12 hours. For a stay of such short duration, Halifax charges approximately \$600. Should the vessel still be moored beyond the twelfth hour, another \$600 falls due. The harbour also garners \$2 per tonne of cargo loaded or unloaded.

Containerization was born of necessity. Shipping lines were losing money. The volume of international sea trade could not sustain the world's cargo fleets. That situation translated into unemployment which recognized no frontiers. Nova Scotia was a victim.

When the economic tide turned and the first container cargo headed towards Canada's Atlantic shore, Halifax harbour possessed the basic essentials for dealing with this new shipping phenomenon.

Believing the old maxim about safety in numbers, six European shipping companies formed a container consortium, Atlantic Container Line (ACL) in 1967. The founder member

with the longest tradition in the business was, of course, Cunard, but another member, Wallenius Lines of Sweden, had a proven record of success with variations on the container theme.

The Car Carriers

In the mid-Fifties, Europe, not Japan, was the major exporter of automobiles. Determined to obtain a lucrative share of that business, Olof Wallenius ordered special car carriers. The loading on and loading off (LO/LO) operations were too slow for Mr. Wallenius. He challenged naval architects to design a ship with a hinged stern door on the same basic principle as the drawbridge of a medieval castle. Having introduced LO/LO to merchant navy language, the Swedish company followed up with RO/RO (roll on/roll off).

Today, specially trained dockers drive cars on and off container ships at the rate of 5.7 per operator/hour.

There have been other container ship innovations and refinements, yet despite all the brilliant ideas and bright, tight budgeting, escalating overheads continue to bedevil international cargo shipping operations. The world's biggest operator, Sea-Land, has watched capital expenditures exceed income in three of the years since 1977. Hapag-Lloyd (second largest, American President Line (third) and Nedlloyd (fifth in the container league) did not have an easy time in 1983.

Financial analysts are satisfied that the best hope of profitability lies in the giant container ship. It will call only at harbours with the most efficient facilities, and there unload containers for transfer to smaller feeder vessels serving secondary ports.

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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Mar. — Moncton Alpines play: Nova Scotia, Mar. 7; Fredericton, Mar. 10; Rochester, Mar. 18; Baltimore, Mar. 21; Maine, Mar. 24; Nova Scotia, Mar. 28; Fredericton, Mar. 31. Coliseum, Moncton

Mar. — Fredericton Express play: Nova Scotia, Mar. 3; Moncton, Mar. 11; Rochester, Mar. 15, 17; Moncton, Mar. 20; Maine, Mar. 22; Baltimore, Mar. 24; Moncton, Mar. 29. Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Mar. — Theatre New Brunswick presents "Duet For One": Mar. 3-10, Playhouse, Fredericton; Mar. 12, Cité des Jeunes, Edmundston; Mar. 13, Theatre Restigouche, Campbellton; Mar. 14, Bathurst High; Mar. 15, James Hill, Chatham/Newcastle; Mar. 16, 17, 19, Riverview High, Moncton/Riverview; Mar. 20, Sussex High; Mar. 21-23, Saint John High; Mar. 24, St. Stephen Middle High

Mar. 1-4 — Winter Carnival, Saint-Quentin

Mar. 2-4 — Mixed N.B. Junior Curling Championships, Grand Falls

Mar. 2-4 — Men's N.B. Junior Curling Championship, St. Stephen

Mar. 3-Apr. 8 — Ontario Science Centre's Seeing Brain exhibit, National

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Exhibition Centre, Fredericton
Mar. 4 — 19th Century Winter Olympics, Kings Landing

Mar. 4-11 — Winter Frolic, Richibucto

Mar. 10-11 — Provincial Freestyle Ski Championship

Mar. 10-11 — Provincial Championship Fraser Cup Race VII, Newcastle

Mar. 11-24 — Steve Heineman porcelain and raku exhibit, Gallery 78, Fredericton

Mar. 16 — Men's N.B. Diamond Senior Curling Championship, Sussex

Mar. 17 — Nancy Greene Ski-Off, Mont Farlagne

Mar. 17-18 — Blizzard Raiche N.B. Cup Final, Mont Farlagne

Mar. 19, 20 — National Speedskating Championship, Fredericton



Mar. 23 — Les percussions de Strasbourg, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Mar. 23-25 — N.B. Open Squash Championship, Moncton

Mar. 24-Apr. 1 — Winter Carnival, Rogersville

Mar. 30-Apr. 1 — Winter Carnival, Saint-Leonard

Mar. 31-Apr. 1 — North American Speedskating Championship, Saint John

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Mar. 1 — "Voices of Spring," Confederation Centre Boys' and Girls' Choir, Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Mar. 1-3 — Scott Tournament of Hearts, Forum, Charlottetown

Mar. 1-4 — "Island Images '84," Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Mar. 1-11 — Whales exhibition: "Fragile Giants of the Sea," Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Mar. 1-18 — The CIL Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Mar. 5-24 — Nigel Row exhibit, Holland College Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Mar. 7-Apr. 1 — John O'Brien, marine painter, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Mar. 8 — Liona Boyd, Confederation Centre

Mar. 9, 10 — 20th Anniversary Open House, Confederation Centre

Mar. 9-12 — Tyros Four Year, Curling Club, Souris

March 14 — André Gagnon, Confederation Centre

Mar. 14-Apr. 15 — Gustav Mahler, "His Work and His Time," Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Mar. 15-25 — Art Club Exhibition, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Mar. 17 — Valdy, Confederation Centre

Mar. 22 — Neptune Theatre presents "Mass Appeal," Confederation Centre

Mar. 27-Apr. 1 — "Island Images '84," Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Mar. 30-31 — Curling bonspiel, Curling club, Charlottetown

NOVA SCOTIA

Mar. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Fredericton, Mar. 4; Rochester, Mar. 14; Baltimore, Mar. 18; Maine, Mar. 21, 25; Moncton, Apr. 1. Metro Centre, Halifax

Mar. — Neptune Theatre presents the Broadway hit "Mass Appeal": Mar. 1-4, 6-11, 13-18; and "Present Laughter": Mar. 29-31. Halifax

Mar. — Atlantic Print exhibit, University College of Cape Breton Art Gallery, Sydney

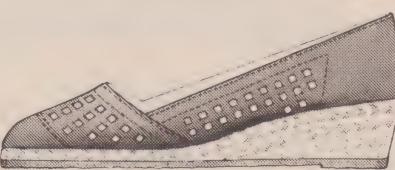
Mar. — Symphony Nova Scotia performs: Mar. 6, 31 (Main Series); and Mar. 23 (Pops Series). Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Mar. — Sobey Collections, Part V: David Milne, Emily Carr and James Morrice. Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Mar. 1-3 — Chilli Willi Winter Car-

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nival, Springhill

Mar. 3, 4 — N.S. Cup Race, Kep-
poch, Antigonish

Mar. 4-25 — "Three from P.E.I.:
Rutherford, Woolnough, Chodorow,"
Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville

Mar. 5-9 — 13th Annual Festival of
Plays, Playhouse, University College of
Cape Breton, Sydney

Mar. 10,11 — Highland Spring Race,
Cape North, Beaulach Ban

Mar. 14 — Elmer Iseler Singers,
Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Mar. 16, 17 — André Gagnon,
Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Mar. 21 — The Chieftains,
Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Mar. 23-25 — Grand Prix Tennis
Final, Burnside Industrial Park,
Dartmouth

Mar. 24 — Stan Getz, Dalhousie Arts
Centre, Halifax

Mar. 24-Apr. 14 — Maple Festival of
Nova Scotia

Mar. 29 — Rita MacNeil, Dalhousie
Arts Centre, Halifax

Mar. 30 — Carlos Montoya,
Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Mar. — Valdy performs at Arts and
Culture Centres: Mar. 11, Stephenville;
Mar. 12, Corner Brook; March 13,
Grand Falls; Mar. 14, Gander; Mar. 16,
St. John's

Mar. 1-4 — Neighborhood Dance
Works, LSPU Hall, St. John's

Mar. 1-4 — Kiwanis Music Festival,
Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 2 — Children's Theatre North,
Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville

Mar. 8-10 — Women's Festival,
LSPU Hall, St. John's

Mar. 9 — Karen Simon Band Con-
cert, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner
Brook

Mar. 11, 12 — Liona Boyd, Arts and
Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 13-17 — Rotary Music Festival,
Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville

Mar. 14-25 — Resource Centre for
the Arts presents "The Coup of '32,"
LSPU Hall, St. John's

Mar. 15-17 — Theatre Newfound-
land and Labrador presents "The

Lion in Winter," Arts and Culture Cen-
tre, Corner Brook

Mar. 16 — Elma Hennessey, Arts
and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

Mar. 17 — Catholic Women's Soci-
ety Variety Concert, Arts and Culture
Centre, Gander

Mar. 17-18 — Castle Theatre
presents "Winnie the Pooh," Arts and
Culture Centre, Grand Falls

Mar. 18 — André Gagnon, Arts and
Culture Centre, St. John's

Mar. 21-31 — Rotary Music Festival,
Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Mar. 23,24 — Newfoundland Sym-
phony Orchestra, Arts and Culture Cen-
tre, St. John's

Mar. 23 — St. John's Holy Heart
High School presents "Joseph and His
Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat," Arts
and Culture Centre, Gander; Mar. 24,
Grand Falls

Mar. 25-27 — Royal Winnipeg
Ballet, Arts and Culture Centre, St.
John's

Mar. 26-30 — Kiwanis Music
Festival, Arts and Culture Centre,
Gander; Mar. 26-31, Grand Falls

Mar. 30-31 — "Bogach: If We Were
Any Good We Wouldn't Be Here,"
LSPU Hall, St. John's

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The whimsical world of Tich Shipley

If they laugh when she sits down to sculpt, that's fine with her. Her style, she says, is "comic realism"

By Roma Senn

On the dining room table in Tich Shipley's country home, there's a red fish, a mackerel, a flounder and several other odd-looking varieties, including two she invented. The fish aren't real, but they are realistic. Shipley makes them from clay, using real fish — brought to her by a local fisherman — as models. Sculpting fish, she says, seemed like a natural activity for a painter-sculptor living in a place like Stonehurst North, N.S. — even though it took some getting used to. "The eyes startled me," she says.

Stonehurst North, a fishing village near Lunenburg, also seemed a logical place to hold an exhibition called *Something Fishy*. When she put on that show at her home last November, many of her neighbors attended. Some had never bought a piece of art in their lives, but took home one of Shipley's sculptures. "It was really nice to see their reaction," says Shipley, 32, who grew up

in St. Louis, Mo., but says she feels quite at home in the village.

She's lived there for several years with Michael McGinnis, a carpenter who's also from St. Louis. Most of the year, they live in a green house at the tip of a rocky peninsula. The house belongs to Lorraine Gray, widow of the noted marine artist, Jack Gray, and when she returns in the summer, Shipley and McGinnis move to another house in Stonehurst North. Shipley loves the village. "The people here are very supportive," she says.

She slipped easily into rural life after growing up in the big city. She's easy-going and breezy — like most of her work. Her sculptures are amusing and easy to understand: An old woman with a big bag, a man falling down drunk, a bear munching on a salmon. One piece depicts a bunch of guys sitting on their car, drinking beer at the drive-in. "I was inspired to do this after going to the drive-in," she says, smiling. She calls her

style "comic realism." People often buy her work, she says, "because it makes them giggle." That's important to her. "There are so many sad things in the world that it's nice to see something that makes you smile." She plans to do a series of tavern scenes soon. "I'll have to do a lot of research," she says with a twinkle in her eye.

Shipley takes a similarly casual approach to her life. After a year at the University of Missouri and another at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, she "wanted to have a look at the ocean." Thirteen years ago, she transferred to the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax. When she arrived, she discovered that the college didn't offer what she wanted. She'd become interested in metal casting, but the art college in Halifax had no foundry. So she simply switched to another medium. "I was able to get into clay," she says. "It was OK then. I'm a pretty flexible person."

These days, she works in two studios set up in the house for painting and sculpting. She spends her days painting, then sculpting, switching back and forth. Shipley: "I'm a pretty flexible person"



PETER BARRS



Shipley's sculptures are easy to understand



This fish is not real, but it's realistic

"I like to jump," she says, puffing on a cigarette, nearly sitting on her waist-long hair. "I enjoy these transitions." They keep her work flowing. "I do things fast," she says. "You learn not to get lost in detail. It keeps everything loose."

Shipley sells about half her sculptures at prices ranging from \$20 to \$500, and lately she's done "quite a few" commissioned pieces such as mugs and tile tops for coffee tables. She sells mostly in Nova Scotia but wants to try her luck in St. Louis.

Every so often, she packs up and heads back to St. Louis. Besides visiting family, she needs the occasional taste of city life for inspiration. Some of her subjects, such as pretzel sellers and street-corner newspaper boys, just don't exist in a place like Stonehurst North. "Part

of me is always going to be a big-city girl," she says.

As a child attending an all-girl Catholic school in St. Louis, Shipley spent plenty of time doodling, "especially in Latin class." On weekends, she haunted the art museums and visited the zoo. She loves animals and they figure in much of her work. From a safe distance she regularly fed a pair of seagulls on a rock near her house. (Her unusual business card, made of ceramic, shows a seagull with top hat and cane.) Many of her friends became artists, and it seemed a natural choice for her. It still does. "I can see myself doing what I am doing for as long as I live," she says.

Shipley's happy with her progress. She works constantly to improve her techniques. For four years, she struggled to get paint to adhere properly to slick ceramic tiles. Now that she's got it down pat, she creates finely detailed works such as the "Birth of Venus," an 80-tile piece. In her embroidered wall hangings, she treats her stitches "as I treat brush strokes. I like to develop new techniques."

And Shipley likes to run the show herself. In the past four years, she's arranged five exhibits of her work on the South Shore. Most artists let galleries handle their shows, but, she says, "I like to know where my work is going." She did everything from renting the space — she held one show last June at Lunenburg's old railway station — to designing the invitations. "I've learned a lot by doing the show myself," she says. She'd like more recognition but can wait. "Everything takes time," she says calmly. "I'm very patient." What seems more important to Shipley is that it's fun. "I like to have a good time when I make things," she says. ☒



A trip to the drive-in inspired this piece of "comic realism"

Hail and farewell to thee, Norma and Gladys

But now that you've gone, how in hell are we going to unify 500,000 Newfoundlanders?

For sale, the *Norma and Gladys*. The announcement struck awe into a superstitious peasantry which scanned the skies for signs and portents and unzipped their goats to consult the entrails. Whenever the official barge is in transition, Newfoundland's fortunes hang in the balance.

In Smallwood's time the craft was called the *Altoona*, a made-up name from that of tourist director O.L. "Al" Vardy and bluefin tuna. Al bolted to Florida after charges of embezzling the public purse and the tuna struck off into deep water, also.

Then came Frank Moores and the *Altoona* was purified by the sacrifice of scads of vestal virgins and renamed the *Rowdyman*. She cruised Conception Bay in the moonlight. God-fearing folk on shore had their rest broken by female shrieks of protest and delight and by the constant plop of empty scotch bottles being pitched over the arse of her.

So the *Rowdyman* was given a low profile and in her place came the *Norma and Gladys*, a sort of scaled-down schooner whose favorite direction was straight down and who had a diabolical urge to heave herself at every shoal, reef, rock and sunken in sight.

This official symbol of Newfoundland's maritime heritage was sent off to various favored spots on the globe to spread good will. But mostly what she spread was stark terror, especially among her captains and crews which changed as often as the weather in the North Atlantic. She was determined to sit on the bottom and rest from her labors.

Once, on a voyage to the Mother Country, her master of the month was driven even deeper into his accustomed bottle and it is said that she made land in the wrong country, never mind the wrong port.

For the return voyage, a notorious teetotaller was obtained to captain her. But sailing the *Norma and Gladys* without anesthetic unhinged him completely. At the first breeze he barricaded himself in his cabin and had to be pried loose from his bunk when she finally docked in St. John's.

By natural selection, her constantly changing crews became of a more and more reckless nature. So frisky were the lads ashore in Helsinki once that the consulate sent an urgent message to Ottawa: "World War Three certain if *Norma and Gladys* ongoes to Leningrad" and the

U.S.S.R. was crossed off the good will list. So it is said; so it must be.

You may appreciate how a tub of this temperament would gradually grow in the affections of Newfoundlanders. Not so in the pseudo-austerity and sanctimony of the Peckford regime. The *Norma and Gladys* was put to the block.

We are without a floating (more or less) talisman. It couldn't have happened at a worse time. For the past several years, Newfoundlanders, like infants who snuff it before baptism, have been drifting in limbo. Papal dispensation may come in September but that seems a long haul from here.

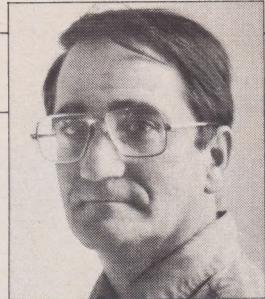
Now there's not even the *Norma and Gladys* to serve as a focal point for the fragmented tribes of the Happy Province. "Has she sunk again? I didn't know they'd got her back up from last time," was the universal conversation starter from bay to bay and from Leading Tickles to Seldom Come By. She gave us all something to look down to.

She was the naval arm of the Newfoundland defence forces, forming our anti-aggression triad along with two water bombers and the Salvation Army. We slept a little sounder in our beds at night dreaming of pre-emptive strikes against St. Pierre. She was our *Victory*, our *Old Ironsides*, our fighting *Temeraire*...ready to ram the *Bluenose* on sight if that foppish popinjay once dared to leave her bolthole at Bedford Basin.

Alas, she's been sent to the knacker's yard. Around what does young Alfie hope to rally the troops now? An owl and a pussycat in a beautiful pea-green boat?

Meanwhile, there is no shortage of public occurrences to entertain the masses but there's nothing to connect or focus them as a cohesive force for the whole province. Newfoundland is scandalously lopsided. New Brunswick, by contrast, has the triangle of Fredericton, Moncton and Saint John which creates a certain social, economic and political balance.

Newfoundland has St. John's and environs, one-third or more of the population and almost all of the public and commercial services, lumped together at the most easterly point 700 miles away from our western boundaries. There are a few company towns and the rest is a thin scattering of villages along more than 5,000 miles of coastline.



Nothing underscores the destructive and obstructive topheaviness of St. John's more than the attitude of the present mayor, John Joseph "Rags" Murphy. Rags appreciates fully that St. John's is the tail that wags the dog. Young Alfie, the self-professed champion of our rural fisherfolk, abominates his intestines. It's Booster-Bonkers Murphy who's touted as the next leader of the pitifully tattered and reduced Liberal party, Smallwood's legacy.

Brian Mulroney is said to have offered Frank Moores, of hallowed memory, the chairmanship of Air Canada but there's also a scheme to give Frankie Baby another kick at the cat, to set him up as Peckford's replacement. A chap named Crosbie is said to have no objections. The brazen Rabelaisian is starting to look good again after dreary years of the prissy puritan.

Still, nothing but the weather gives all Newfoundlanders a common talking point. Charlie Devine, an old veteran of Labrador separatism, has come to town and has tried to organize a peculiar little thing called the Newfoundland Independence Party. Charles is riding a pale echo from the past rather than a trumpet blast of the future but the boondies see his point.

When a local peacenik group declared that the U.S.S.R. has three nuclear missiles aimed at Newfoundland — one at Goose Bay, one at Gander, one at St. John's — Labrador commented on Moscow's giving it equal treatment with the island, something it never got from St. John's.

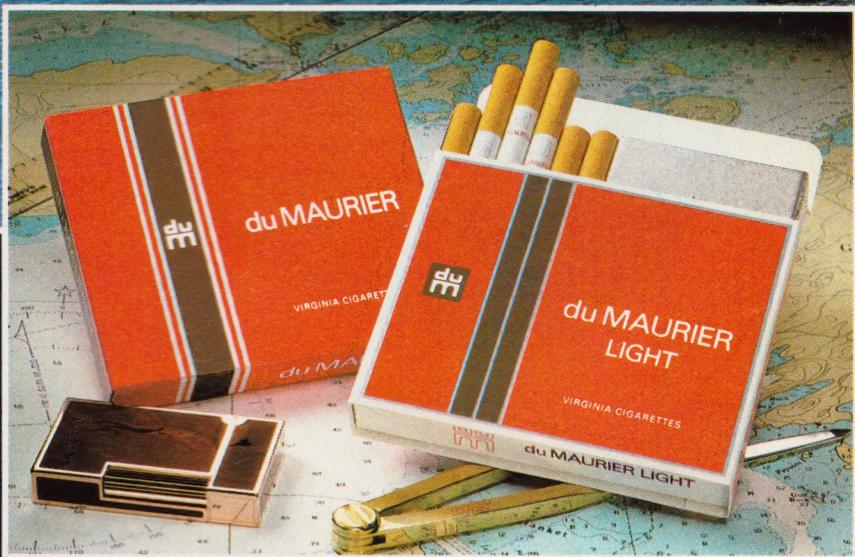
Unity continues to evade us. "Republic of Newfoundland" T-shirts are a small fad. But they've got the old pink-white-and-green flag on them, a curious device put together by a papist archbishop many years ago. Nobody rallies around it except the little Marxist-Leninist-antivisitionist gang at the university and a few of the convents.

Charles de Gaulle said it was impossible to govern a country that had 200 cheeses. That may be so but where is the hope in hell of coming to grips with a place that has 500,000 Newfoundlanders? As early as December, more than 25,000 had signed up for the bolt to Florida in April and, to accommodate the exodus, the schools are closing for nearly the whole month.

What, us worry? Not if we can get a suitable replacement for the dear old *Norma and Gladys*. In that case, today Cape Breton, tomorrow the world.



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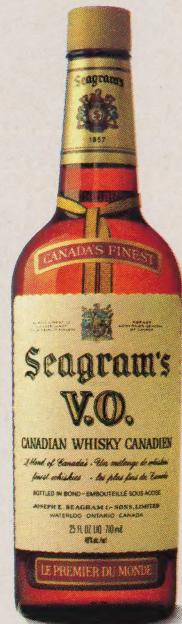
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